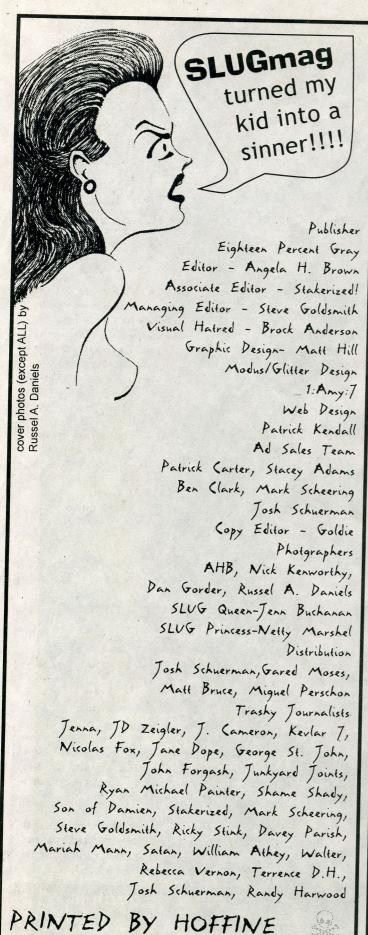


SALT CITY CDS the music experience

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HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

* Queen * Sponsored by: Salon ZAZOU Talent Unlimited **Dickies Clothing** Wild Flower Photography Dan Gorder Photography Places you can meet the SLUG QUEEN: Localized 12/14/01 9pm The Urban Lounge 241 S. 500 E. • 2/3/02 SLUG's "Reader **Appreciation Bash**" 8 pm Club X-Scape* 145 S. W. Temple * A private club for members





To: dickheads@slugmag.com Subject: Dear Dickheads E-mail kcantera@sltrib.com Yo Dipshitzz,

Myopic under-talented musicians with the mental abilities of dyslexic fifth grof the world aders opining on the current socio-political condition is far from fresh. Let's keep their uninformed takes on global events where they belong - in bullshit-label albums of piss-poor punk purchased only by 20-and 30-something losers who live in the mother's basement.

I find it very amusing to find out that you work for the Tribune. I was unaware that they gave email addresses to mail room employees. I could be wrong but one would figure that they give literacy tests to future employees. Seeing that you would have flunked even SLUG's sorry excuse for a test, you leave me no choice but to believe that you must deliver mail to your fellow prosthetic pathetic pencil pushing pansies (we can use alliteration too asshole). Besides moms a good cook.

To: dickheads@slugmag.com Subject: Dear Dickheads

E-mail Twila122@yahoo.com Dear Dickheads,

Yo, I just wanted to tell you (at SLUG) that your magazine is great, the one good thing about Utah...I fully intend on leaving in a few years and your mag is the only thing that I will miss.....if more people were concerned with voices and opinions and changing SOMTHING I'm sure we'd have a better little community insted of a so-called "moral" one.(Translation: Give up church for ONE day and see what's really going on in your lovely community) Instead of worrying about staying home on Sundays maybe people should get off their lazy asses and write to SLUG and try to change somthing...there is so much that needs to be voiced as far as Salt Lake goes and I wish people would make more of an effort to actually get it out there. Fact: There is ALOT of gay predjudist that is definitly not deserved, I mean can't you be gay but be a great person to at least meet...too many people will never know. Fact: there aren't enough vegetarians and some day the animals will get back at you (there all gonna get you, beware!) Fact: no matter what any of you white biggots



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wanna deny there is still major predjusdist in our community. Fact: Handicapped people are also victims of predjudist just a different kind. Fact: age predjudist is a big thing...I could keep going but I wont...more people need to take time to henpeck at ther computer or pick up a damned pen and write, do SOMTHING about it. Sorry if I sound like a preacher, I hate people who don't practice what they preach, I plan to do somthing though so I dont feel bad. Anyway thanks for lettin me write. Don't forget about Karma it exists!~

-Solace

Your whole letter is stupid except for the overbreading part. I completely agree with the problem, establishments such as Red Lobster use far too much batter to compensate for their flavorless entrees. absolutely must be stopped, aside from high blood pressure and excessive weight gain it flat out tastes like crap. This problem can be solved, but it entails adding Budweiser instead of water giving that extra little zip.

To: dickheads@slugmag.com Subject: Dear Dickheads E-mail DYLBERT0675@AOL.COM Dear Dickheads:

My name is Dylan Mazziotti, and I work at Guru's and we are currently work with the Utah Food Bank to collect food for the less fortunate this holiday season. Any donations would be greatly appreciated. Also with every two cans bought we will give you a free chops and salsa. If you have any questions call Guru's at 801.355.4875.

-Dylan John Mazziotti Shift Supervisor

Dylan,

Thanks for your letter, it is the season for giving so from all of us here at SLUG we would like to give you a little piece of our mind. Why is it that you consider yourselves a "Mexican" restaurant when you serve cardboard tasting wraps to middle aged white yuppies? I have yet to see any Mexicans in

your restaurant aside from the ones washing dishes for minimum wage. We also find it amusing that you will not carry SLUG on the grounds that it is offensive. Well we have news for you buddy, your whole establishment is offensive. Understanding it is the time for lending a hand where needed, we encourage all to donate food and clothing to a food bank dropoff closest to you (yes, even Guru's).

SLUG MAG would like to thank all of our kick ass advertisers for keeping us in business. Because of you we are able to sustain a strong voice, independence, and distribution on the streets. Here's a nog to our readers as well- thanks for picking us up each month. On Feb. 3, 2002 SLUG will celebrate its 13th Anniversary! As usual, we will be holding our annual "Reader Appreciation Bash". This year X-Scape (a private club for members) has agreed to let us take over their fine establishment for a special night of madness. Don't worry, there won't be a dress code for our night. Just like our paper, this event is ALWAYS FREE! The general public is welcome. It should be a killer bash feat. Performances by:

THE ITEMS, THE KILL, SHIMMY SHE WOBBLE, & ENDLESS STRUGGLE!

Our lovely SLUG QUEEN & SLUG PRINCESS will have tons of free swag to give out and rumor has it that a surprise guest might show up.

If you have any questions

If you have any questions about the party or wanna tell us how much we suck, simply

Contact us:
SLUG MAG
2225 South 500 East ste. 206
SLC, UT. 84106
Ph: 801.487.9221
Fax: 801.4871359
dickheads@slugmag.com
www.slugmag.com



Too broke to celebrate christmas this year?

Forget about Jesus, Celebrate Nettys birthday instead!

 You don't have to buy gifts for your friends: just Netty (she likes whiskey)

•Netty's cute and she's only turning 22 not 2,002.

 Fuck christmas carols!
 At Netty's birthday party we sing '80's metal covers.

12/20/01 @ Burt's

Happy Birthday Netty! XOXO





It is getting harder and harder to just pick one jackass every month. Just when you think that you have one picked out, another one rears its ugly head. In fact on my way to the shop today I'm riding my blke down the street and a guy driving the other direction yells "Get out of the street ASSHOLE!!" And he was driving the OTHER direction, so I was in no way in his way. And even if I was, yelling at someone on a bike is very uncool. That guy is ASShole of the month, but now for JackASS of the month:

Jackass: "Do you have The Crown?"

Me: No

Jackass: (laughing)

Me: "What's so funny?"

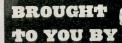
Jackass: "This state."

Me: "It is impossible to have every single band in stock at all times."

Jackass: (still laughing)

Me: "Whatever, nobody has everything all the time, that's impossible, and coming in here laughing and putting down my store isn't cool"

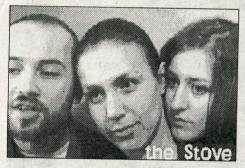
Jackass: " Oh, I'm not laughing at your store, you have the best selection I've seen in this state, I'm just not used to it, I'm from Cal."



page

If ever you needed a reason to find out that the 2nd Friday of every month is sure to be a great show, last month's Localized, the SLUG Magazine Monthly Music Festival with Hot Rocks, Starmy and Chubby Bunny proved it beyond a shadow of a doubt. Local music is the bomb. Umm, no wait! Local music is dope, is sick and waaaay stupid. (ED. NOTE - I apologize for Mark Scheering and wish to assure you, measures have been taken: he WILL NOT try to be "down" again) This month I bring you gifted local hip hop in its various forms i.e. The Numbs, The Stove and LojiKing. Diverse lyrics will split the lips of vocal juggernauts; fuel for the fire that is their heart's love of rhythm. Three of Utah's most talked about bands will rip shit up at the Urban Lounge, Friday, December 14th.

The Stove (formerly G-13) is an incredibly beautiful, hauntingly somber experience. Rich and elegant



melodies saunter through sexually charged rhythm and bass. My first experience with them froze me to the floor where I was standing, unable to tear myself away from this devastating musical sorcery. On the dance floor, men and women resonate with some deep and primal urge; looking into each other's eyes and feeling the music and rhythm. While it's easy to make some comparisons to Portishead, Massive Attack and even Bjork, The Stove bring that uniquely beautiful melancholy that eastern Europeans inherently know and understand.

(Eduard Glukhov: programming, bass, producer; Kristen Muirhead: vox, piano, organ, cello; Katya Murafa; vox, violin; DJ Sam I Am: Scratch)

SLUG: Under your former namesake (G-13), you made quite an impression on many people.

Kristen: We've been more underground than most punk bands for our whole career as a band so far.

Eduard: We've refused a lot of deals so that we can keep it underground. We have our freedom this way. We can just put out an album anytime we want to - a full on, professional album. So we don't need a record company giving us a little money and telling us what to do.

Kristen: The only thing we miss from a label is promotion. We definitely need to tour. We are getting ready for that. We're such a diverse band. We have about five completely different sets. We want to think it through before we approach it. We have to be five times better than anyone else in those other cities. It's also really important to us to let everybody know that, whether it's small or great, the support we get from people is what motivates us, it's what makes us keep ticking.

SLUG: Your sound is so diverse; you even cover Russian folk songs?

Eduard: It's the sound of the violin.

Katya: They are covers of a Russian band. It's a band that's our favorite.

Eduard: It was illegal throughout the country.

Kristen: Jazz was illegal.

SLUG magazine & the Urban Lounge Mark Scheering

SLUG: During the Soviet years?

Eduard: Yes, they would make reworks of jazz and then during the 80's and 90's making their own stuff as well. We took their stuff and made it also. So it sounds jazzy and eastern European the same time.

SLUG: How do you describe yourselves?

Eduard: Organica Electronica is like slow hip hop with singers. We compose all of our own riffs and then put them into hip hop mechanics.

Kristen: None of the beats are samples from old records, they are all our own.

Eduard: We make everything on our own and then put it in hip hop technologies. But trip hop is, as some magazine I can't remember described it, the most undetermined electronic style of music. So it can be from crazy up-beat, 180 beats per minute, some weird jungle with garbage cans or it can be really slow, 60 beats per minute stuff that is totally ambient. We like to fulfill that spectrum.

Kristen: We are trying to do every style that trip hop would be.

Eduard: Now there's four of us on stage, now Sam does manual beats and I travel back on the stage with a mixer. I put light effects on the vocals - it's a totally different show. We actually go out of our way to make the most diverse sound that we can - the sonic spectrum. We just

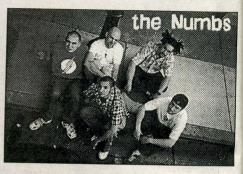
try to hit every chord, every tempo, every style so that it sounds different for every song.

Kristen: I think it's that way for every song, there are no two songs alike. I love harmonies. I do so many different harmonies to one melody.

Eduard: We should have a workshop for harmonies and make money with her harmonies. They'll come over and she makes harmonies for them and it makes your whole song.

SLUG: I'll be there, content just to watch...

The Numbs know The Word. Taking one from the Guapo CD, they are "Masters of the Art". Serious as a S.E.A.L. team with just a touch of tongue in cheek, The Numbs bring the hammer down with force. The know heavy, they know groovy, the know the sound of hell and fury raining down like revelation's justice, and they know rhythm making your feet move to the commands of some-



one else's XBOX joystick. Powerful rhymes and incredible beats move the soul. The Numbs are rap skill embodied in the surreal images that comes to mind when mentioning Utah County hip hop.

(Mark Dago: MC; Rooster: MC; Gunnar McKell: MC, bass; Rick One: DJ, producer; Shanty: DJ)

SLUG: Did you guys get any crap for being rappers from Provo?

Rick: Well growing up it was a lot worse than it is now. Now it's obviously become more accepted.

Mark: In high school it was like: "Look, there are the rappers!"

Rick: Because we were the ones (we, with the skater kids, were looked at in the same ways) that had pants that were about to fall off, and had baggy clothes, acting different from the norm, especially in Provo. It's such a closed-minded town.

SLUG: Like it ain't now?

Mark: Man, it's so ridiculous right now down there, it's not even funny. It's worse right now I think than ten years ago; any music spot they're closing down.

Shanty: There are so many good bands from Utah County, but many live up here now in Salt Lake, groups like the Red Bennies, because they got sick of it.

Mark: There's almost nowhere to play now except (Club) Omni or ABG's. If the people in Provo had their way they'd shut down all the bars.

SLUG: OK, so the rumor is Chuck D put you in heavy rotation on his internet radio station and says you are the hottest thing in hip hop today. He actually said that?

Rick: That's true. SLUG: You got it on tape?

(laughter)

Mark: Sean (Ziebarth of Guapo Records aka Sean-boy Walton of X-96) has it on CD. He heard and when he told me it was like HOLY SHIT! Once you've heard that everything else is gravy. Sean calls me and says "you gotta hear it." It was the dopest thing.

SLUG: OK, so I'm just an old punknew waver, but it seems to me that there are two kinds of hip hop. One says that you must be non-white, from the ghetto, and a gangsta and the other is everything else. Am I wrong in saying that?

Rick: No, there's definitely hip hop and then there's rap. Rap is basically everything you see on MTV that's got cars and girls and money, it's just the real material side. Then there's the real side; which is the hip hop side. It includes every element of hip hop music. Every element is here: the DJing, the rapping, the break dancing, and graffiti art. That is hip hop.

Shanty: The atom split with rap music. It's almost a completely different genre. The record companies found a formula. Before, you could go and look at every single rap tape in the rap section and each one would be totally different sounding. You would have completely different styles all the way around, and then all of a sudden some said "this is how you make money with this."

SLUG: It seems to me that the local underground hip hop movement is finally becoming strong.

Mark: I think the difference now is a lot more people are starting to put out recordings and putting them in stores whereas before they were just rapping in clubs. Everyone goes through the phase - a natural progression, and it seems like even more groups are starting to play out now. That was harder before because Salt Lake is more of a rock town.

SLUG: So for live-music people like me, I don't go to a show expecting to dance. I go to see and hear live music. These DJ's at dance clubs are beginning to rap. Is that changing the nature of the club, to see a live act? Should I be expecting to see an MC now?

Rick: It's really about pumping up the crowd, even if he's not on the mic. The turntable movement has gotten so big people actually pay attention to it. It's become an instrument and art.

Mark: I think that's why it was so hard getting to the point where hip hop is at now. People looked at rap as here was just a guy standing there with a mic and some guy playing a record or tape or something - it's like karaoke. People are expecting more now: "OK, these guys are gonna go crazy." That's why when we do our show, people don't expect it. These guys are doing this live show, it's interaction between the artist and the crowd.

The Numbs with The Stove and Lojik King, Friday, December 14th at the Urban Lounge, a private club for members. Doors open at 9:00 pm and tickets are just 5 bucks.

5 questions with J Robbins of Burning Airlines

by Terrance DH

Give me a update on what's been going on with burning airlines for this last year?

We finished our record around the first of the new vear; then I went and recorded a bunch of other people's records in the spring, so we didn't do too much at first. Then we hooked up with Ben, our guitarist/keyboard player, and went out to play a bunch of places including Japan (for the second time) and Europe (for the third time), and when we got back from those amazing trips, we started playing out in the US again for the first time since the middle of last

Any good tour stories? Lots. (I'll tell ya when we get there.)

Likes and dislikes about Salt Lake?

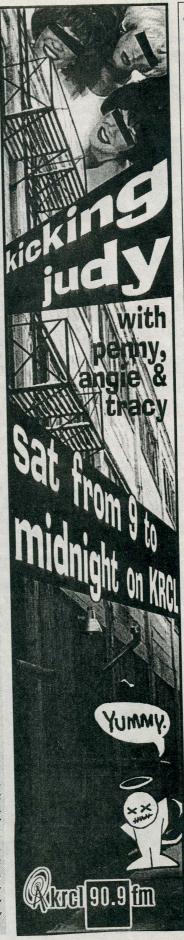
It's too salty. And I haven't seen it since Olympic Fever started doing its number on the city, so I'm a little bit afraid.

Best and worst things about living in D.C.?

Best: lots of friends. Worst: the East Coast is really getting scary. Too much, too many people, too much.

What's the lowdown on what projects you've been recording and producing?

Well, here's a list from this year so far: Blueline Medic (a great band from Australia), Aina (another great band from Barcelona, Spain, who have helped us out a few times in Europe and who we also toured with in the US this year), Hey Mercedes, Dismemberment Plan, Shiner, and Garrison.





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SLUG Localized: the Stove Lojik King the Numbs

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Krista Gong & the Others

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the Corleones Repeat Offender Endless Struggle

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New Years Eve Local Party

MARS

WHITE KNUCKLES IN WENDOVER

The Rat Fink Reunion 2001-An Interview with Pinstripers Gary Jenson and Mike "Sparks" Johnson

By Goldie Photos: Ben Quillinan

Study the history of the automobile and you will find that long before Henry's assembly line put a model T in everyone's driveway, people made cars from scratch, by hand. Some time later it perverted, and the only people who built cars from scratch were the fringe element of the industry, the cars taking either the form of one-off racecars or Hollywood prop (e.g.

Batmobile, and Monkeemobile). But hands down, the king of all that was the custom car was Ed Roth.

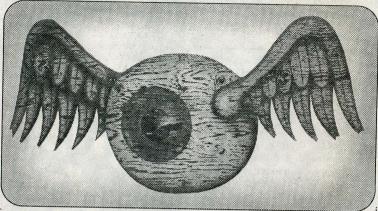
His customs were (and still are) way out there in terms of what you could make and have it still be a functioning car. Ed's style was nothing short of revolutionary, the kind of thing that the entire world wants to be a part of, and of course Ed obliged. Every year there is a get together to marvel at the culture that he helped to create; The Rat Fink Reunion.

In the past, the reunion was held in Southern California with people from all over the world attending, trying to get a piece of the action, however this year is different. Unfortunately Ed died earlier this year (April 4th) and it has been decided to hold the event in Wendover on December 15th, near the Salt Flats of Utah. If you have never been to a Rat Fink Reunion, trust me, it should be on everyone's "Things To Do Before Dying" list. The custom car culture is alive and well, even in the wake of Ed's death; even here in Utah.

I found one of Ed's friends, Gary Jenson, in a little shop down on 1870 South 300 West, he along with friend and fellow pinstriper Mike 'Sparks" Johnson, filled me in on this year's event, as well as the state custom culture today. Mike's take on this

year's reunion would make even the most amateur car lover want to go, "It's going to be more laid back than the California one, there'll pinstripers on hand, there's even rumors that there'll be drag racing." With the event being held in Wendover in December, "there could be anywhere from five to five hundred people

there" Mike said. It will definitely separate the men



from the boys as far as attendance goes. Although the master himself won't be on hand this year, Ed's style and influence will be everywhere the flying eye can see. When I asked Gary and Mike if they thought that Ed Roth and his art will get more popular in death than in life Mike said he's already began to see it snowball, and Gary has been offered steadily increasing amounts of money for the genuine artifacts he has in his collection. "Ed and I were talking about the

value that Von Dutch memorabilia will have, he seemed to think that it would taper off as the years passed," Gary stated, "I have probably one of the largest Von Dutch collections, and every day someone calls offering more money than the amount they offered last month." Gary has the original winged eyeball sign off of Von Dutch's shop hanging on his wall, the centerpiece of his collection and the subject of many phone calls to his shop. Gary then pulled out the rest of his collection; one of a kind napkin art, an autographed "doll-up" pinstripe kit (Von Dutch was a crusty old bugger who rarely did autographs), he even has a rare Von Dutch knife once owned by Steve

Though Von Dutch is considered to be the

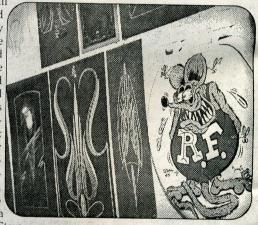
greatest pinstriper

that ever held a brush, you can't help but notice Gary's work and awards that cover the wall of his shop. He and Mike are both humble to a fault, each praising the other's technique and style. Gary started pinstriping

over 20 years ago and is recognized the

world over as one of the best today. Mike, although new to pinstriping, knows cars and knows metal fabrication. "My dad was my mentor, exposing me to cars and 50s car culture at a young age," Mike said, "...I pretty much have it in my blood." For Gary, his long list of pinstriping mentors includes the Butcher as one of his teachers. The Butcher was a student of Von Dutch's, and had a "particular" method of instruction, "If I held the

brush different or tipped it wrong, he would slap my hand, hard. It was like being in the military. It made me learn quick." Gary and Mike pointed out that pinstriping was not limited to cars or motorcycles; Gary only recently finished pinstriping a friend's coffin, and Mike, the younger of the two, has striped a girl's ass (practice makes perfect I guess). When it comes down to the brass tax, you are what you



drive. Pinstripes are another form of expression that could turn your dumpy car into something to be proud of, or could be just the thing your '29 coupe needs for nostalgic perfection. In either case, pinstriping is an American tradition and must be passed down to the younger generation, as Gary is doing with Mike, as Ed did with Gary

The Rat Fink Reunion on the 15th is a great place to meet pinstripers and car customizers from all over, it's at the State Line Casino and will have music from The Ridge Runners, and possibly others.

To get in contact with Gary Jenson, call 801.486.3946 or stop by his shop at 1870 South 300 West-Shop D. To get a hold of Mike "Sparks" Johnson for pinstriping or custom metal fabrication, he can be reached at 486-8348



McQueen.

ing out Jenson family photos of Ed Roth

Sometimes I have a craving for something. Walking down the street I might encounter a smell that brings back a memory stirring up my need. Running, passing, passing and running. Jones comin' down, down for that bit of black tar vinyl. You know the plastic heron. The needle hits right in the groove. I need some right now. In fact I remember the first time like it was yesterday. It was summertime when I graduated from colored disks with grooves to the real deal. Havin' fun with Ernie & Bert was this dope. I still have the sleeve, which has a copyright date of 1972. The actual record is gone and has been strangely replaced with Let a frown be your umbrella, another Sesame Street classic. This record is close to unplayable, probably 'cause I thought it was cool to put a sewing needle in the grooves. I could hear the music, barely. I got hooked. My Hotel Balderdash record had a song called, "What will I be". It helps get kids to think about what they want to do as a career choice. "What will I be when I grow up? /What will I be? /What will I be when I grow up? /What will I be?" I loved that song when I was young, maybe too much. Now I stand as an adult over this record spinning, and realize that that question was already answered as a youth crouched over my record player. My fate was sealed. The answer was in the records. Now I search for more answers. The crates hold the ancient codes passed down from civilization to civilization. It can't be broken until I have at least every record in existence but I'll probably need doubles. Then and only then can the messages be deciphered. Probably need a hundred turntables going at once. I want to do this for humanity. I could be offed or even die of more unnatural causes, but until then, I'll be fingering through the dusty bins looking for that

sacred audio, for all of us.

One album that I think was underrated is Declaim's new one, Andsoitisaid. This album breaks up the beats in a way that only Mad Lib does. Declaim comes with the off flavor that the Lootpack are famous for. Some of the other publications gave props to Mad Lib's production but blasted Declaim's lyrics. Andsoitwasaid that his lyrics were too thugged. This is a joke. I didn't hear any set trippin' or sensationalized violence, and how about track # 16, "True MC."? On this one him and his crew mock today's "bling bling" standards over a beatbox. This album is a little long though.

Speaking of beatboxing, be sure to check out Click Tha Supa-Latin's debut, Square Won. You may have heard his track, "Jaw Jabbin'", which was a club banger from the West Coast set over the last year. I wasn't sure he would be able to come as strong on his album but he did. I mean it. This cat is on some B-Boy shit, man. I'm sayin', he really blended the better aspects of the golden years and today's true school with these butta joints. His rhymes are raw, unforgiving, and matter of fact. You can also feel that this cat is comin' with a message in his music. It's not overt but you can sense it in the good feeling, party vibe that laces this disc. The only big name guest spots feature J5 and Medusa but a few of his people also light it up including a freestyle session with his wife and kids. Can you say skills? I think I'm going to have to make this album mandatory.

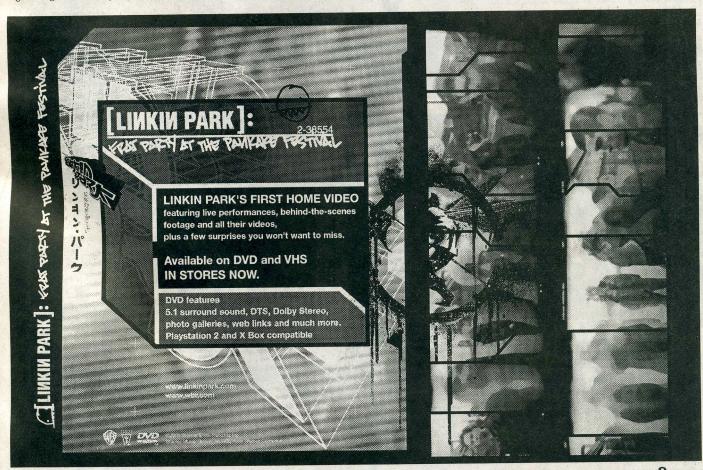
I received a promo package for the new Princess Superstar album Princess Superstar is. I listened to her last album and hated it. It seemed like she was trying too hard to be strange, so when I saw some of the guests on this album I thought someone must have got paid. These guests include Kool

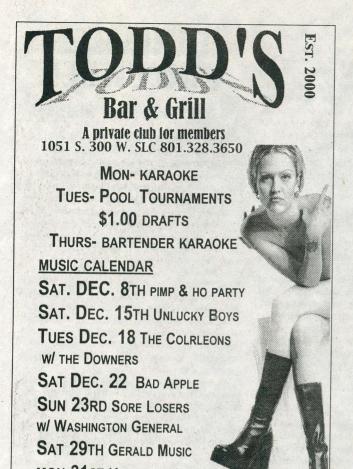
SKUNKEE BOO CREEK

BY JUNKYARD JOINTS

Keith, J-Zone, Bahamadia, and even Beth Orton (who?) When I first popped this on the platter the red flags went back up, especially on the second track, "Bad Babysitter". This is a corny song about a babysitter with her boyfriend in the shower and her exploits. Wicked. I almost threw it directly in the dustbin but I decided to wait. Later that night while the molecules of my mind were (up) lifted I threw it back on just so I could understand and articulate how bad it is. It hit me differently this time. Her wink seemed a little smarter than plain silliness. These verses are about rhymes. "Don't start a fight with me I don't care I'll bite your teeth/Get in ya shit like a colostomy impossible to compete with me/A Prophecy-I'm gonna own everything like an apostrophe..." Her sarcastic, naughty, poems lay over some pretty fresh beats made by her mostly. I'm not saying run out and buy it immediately, but give it a listen, then decide.

If you can find a copy, listen to N.E.R.D. Virgin never released it in the U.S. because they underestimate our ability to understand artistic music. Is it rap? Is it eighties cheese rock on a drum machine? I don't know but it's good. It's nice that people in the hip-hop world are widening the boundaries. I'm waiting for the fall of the age of cliché to end. It's O.K. to enjoy other shit. I promise.





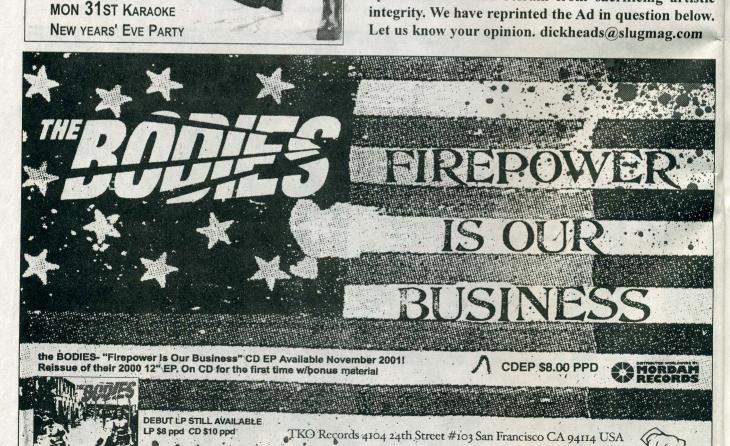
Maximum Hypocrisy

by Ricky Stink

A few days ago I received a press release from TKO records regarding a situation involving the TKO band The Bodies, and the punk zine Maximum Rock n' Roll. For those of you new or ignorant to the punk scene, MRR has not only been a staple in the punk community, but a platform for punk enthusiasts as well as indie/ DIY labels since 1981. In the early days, they laid the groundwork for a successful underground medium without selling out. TKO, home to many of today's best and most popular punk acts are also no strangers to the punk community. With this said, it was undoubtedly quite a shock to read TKO's press release. So to my surprise, when The Bodies newest EP, FIREPOWER IS OUR BUSINESS artwork was rejected by the MRR staff on grounds that it made them feel uncomfortable, I was lead to believe that MRR does not hold the same values that it once embraced. The artwork in question is so far from being questionable that it makes me wonder if MRR has gone soft or just crossed the line trying to be punk elitists. Is their decision based on feelings regarding Sept. 11? Do they not want to strike a chord with the emotions of punk rock America? Or are they so punk they feel the need to censor any material that might potray support of America's involvement overseas? Either way, to take a side and refuse to publish a bands ad on grounds of personal ignorance, is not only bad business, but also not very punk rock. As a result, TKO has yanked all future ads with the magazine as well as ceased to send promotional items. Heed the warning MRR, to stand up for your opinions and be punk rock is one thing, but to be a hypocrite is another, and if this sort of debauchery continues, do not be surprised to see other labels and readers follow suit. SLUG MAG supports TKO on their decision to stand

by their bands and refrain from sacrificing artistic

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OUR (LOCAL) HERO HAS A NAME Words by Josh Scheuerman Photos by AndyWrightphoto.com

This fall I happened across a catalog with a mission statement. The statement dreams of freedom and independence, brotherhood and a desire to do something nobody had done before. Exclusively owned and operated by a few hand picked artists and friends, the dream became CAPiTA; a company for snowboarders by snowboarders.

I had met Jason Brown (or THINpigeon) once before, but now felt that I wanted to know the whole story behind CAPiTA. There is something about the way it all seemed to form, the history would speak volumes. This is an account of the meeting of two people on a cold

night a thousand miles apart.

Jason Brown, or JB, was born and raised in Layton, UT. He mostly skated vert ramps with friends, until they cut them down to miniramps and became street skaters. "I used to skate for Skate Street, it's no longer around but it was a great store near Ogden, really great guys." Snowbasin and Powder Mountain were the original stomping grounds, "at Hidden Lake lift, I have memories that I always think back on and realize those were the best days of my life, at least my boarding career." As the 'years progressed, so did Jason's snowboarding and after high school Burton picked him up as a shop rider and he moved to Salt Lake. Why? "In my mind that's where all the best riders were. Brighton had a certain energy to it, I don't know what it was that attracted me to it, but I loved Brighton. I feel that's my home mountain and that's were I learned to snowboard better". Not to be confused with Jason Brown who worked at Salty Peaks and rode for Nitro, this Jason worked at Milo and rode for Burton. At first, the Burton rep wasn't too supportive of Brown being on the team. "My rep was like, 'You're never going to make it to the Big Team". While attending Craig Kelly's camp in Whistler, BC Terje and Kelly were Jason's coaches, and with them telling Burton he was a good snowboarder, his career took

Fast-forward six years, several video parts, and innumerable photos later, Jason was painting graphics for his signature pro model on Burton. Six thousand boards were hand painted by Jason himself, but with no marketing force behind them, the boards (and the action figure) were dropped. If that wasn't enough,

Burton snaked Analog Clothing (another one of Jason's projects) out from under him he decide to leave the team and look for another outlet for his artistic needs.

CAPiTA was envisioned before he left Burton, but had to be put on hold while Jason took time to assess his life. "I lost the girl I was dating, I had a falling out with some of my best friends in the city, and I lost Burton. I was really floored and upside down. I didn't know what to do. Ephraim and Dustin kept bugging me about CAPiTA, saying I had to do it, etc. I didn't think we could start an independent company, it seemed too late for that." With Blue Montgomery as a business partner, and local artists doing the graphics, things came together. "It became real over night, all the graphics came together in 24 hours the whole marketing campaign for the first year was there. Saying to myself, 'you're doing this and nothing else matters.' It saved my life."

Booth 1707 at this year's S.I.A. trade-show won Best Trading Show booth. That booth was CAPiTA. Among the smoke machines and singed catalogs, this year's board line was revealed; the *Human* 5 series, Jason Brown's pro model (corporate clips) and the *Black Snowboard of Death* series. "For a while we were open to accepting corporate funding, we thought about it because Kevin Jones comes with a huge price tag, but in the end it turned out his agent was going to take care of that for him. Blue and I made the decision to keep going as an independent snowboard

company, which we've done. We're very happy to be where we are.' And where they are is the beginning of the 2001/02 season, at the helm of a heavily anticipated snowboard company. Although there is no Kevin Jones on the roster, the CAPiTA team is a well respected group with Iason Brown, Blue Montgomery, Seth Huot, T.J. Nelson, Tyler Lepore, McMaster. Keeping the boards in stock has also been a problem, "We haven't been able to keep up with the demand. Milosport sold out pretty quick, it's not like they ordered 100 boards, but the first shipment of 9 boards sold out within a couple days."

When I asked Jason about the future of his company, he said "I see CAPiTA as an organic business. Every time someone else comes into the picture, they stir it up and it changes. The peo-

ple who work for CAPiTA aren't here for any other reason than they love what we're trying to do. I just want it to grow as naturally as it can. To stay real; that's all that matters to me. CAPiTA will always stay true to the original idea of being an individual, not being different because you're trying to be different, but being yourself."

For more information on THINpigeon and other links check out capitasnowboarding.com and, "keep looking in the trees."



Jason Brown: Astist, Athlete, Entrepreneur

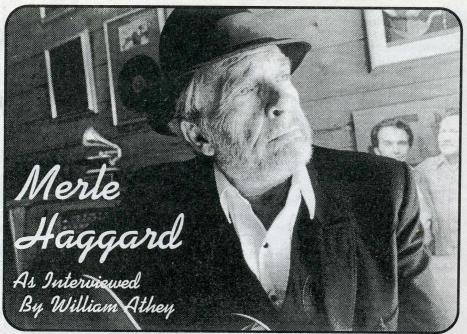


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I remember once when some snowboarder punks came in the chain record store where I used to work looking for the Beastie Boys. They said, "You probably only know about Willie Nelson." Yeah, but I think the Beastie Boys know about Willie Nelson too, as well as Merle Haggard. I've talked with quite a few punk rockers over the years and hardly anyone captured the true spirit of punk like Merle Haggard. As anyone with a brain knows the rockabilly cats were the first punk rockers anyway. Merle didn't do any rockabilly since he came around after all the country guys had quit trying to cash in by going billy, but Merle was quite the punk, he was pretty much a cliché of a dimestore pulp novel JD, or punk.

His parents were genuine Okies. They left the Oklahoma dustbowl during the depression, moved to California and lived in a boxcar Merle's father had converted to a house. James Haggard died of a brain tumor when Merle was nine and the young lad didn't handle the situation very well, to say the least. He felt he was a burden on his mother and in his little boy way he tried to fend for himself. He ran away from home, sloughed school and spent considerable time in reformatories. All of this information is well documented in the two available Merle Haggard autobiographies, but probably the dumbest thing he ever did deserves retelling here because the punishment resulted in a number of songs and pretty much kicked him in the ass enough to get going with the music thing.

He was already performing in clubs around Bakersfield and he had performed on stage at a Lefty Frizzell concert, but he was mainly working hard abor jobs trying to support his young

escaped, but was captured later that day and then, he broke out of jail! Crazy shit, I say. He holed up with his wife, but he was of course captured again and sentenced to San Quentin. As his song "Mama Tried" says, "I turned 21 in prison," and he did. After his parole Merle kept singing in the clubs at night while digging ditches during the day. He met Fuzzy Owens, the co-owner of Tally Records with Lewis Talley, and he recorded his first demo song, "Skid Row." After joining Wynn Stewart's band as a bassist, Stewart gave him permission to record his "Sing A Sad Song". Merle had his first "hit" record. "Sing A Sad Song" peaked at number 19 in 1964. As the history books will tell you Merle Haggard has reached the very top of the country charts 41 times since.

Merle's hard times didn't end with San Quentin, but that was the last time he did hard prison time. He wasted millions of dollars, had trouble with drugs and drink, had trouble with females, had trouble with the IRS and he had trouble with record labels. He even had trouble with black mold, he was forced to move out of his house because black mold took over and that is perhaps why we have his new record Roots Volume 1 today. When he prepared to move into a different house he discovered that the hallway provided an acoustic situation perfect for recording an old-fashioned sounding album. But I'm ahead of myself. Epitaph Records signed Merle Haggard to the subsidiary label Anti and released the phenomenal If I Could Only Fly in the year 2000. Most claim the recording is one of Merle's best and some will say it is his best ever. With over a hundred record albums to his credit "best ever" is

happy. I called him on the Monday after the bit Thanksgiving shopping weekend. He told m that he'd been on the phone with his attorned and with the promotion department of Epitapl and that he'd been working already for abou four hours that morning. "Our Roots Volume" record is in most cases sold out. I don't know o any place that hasn't sold out. If you get e-mail and the e-mails say, 'Hey, they had 13 records in the bin and they sold them all,' we keep getting that. We get it from Spain, we get it from Australia, we get it from Sweden, we get it from England, we get it from all over America and we're talking about a stack of e-mails the horse couldn't eat." To me that is both good and bad news. The record is selling well, but the time to restock has arrived and after sharing my thoughts with Mr. Haggard he said, "It's a double-edge sword. You gotta be happy about the response of the people, but I'm irritated with the record company because they didn't take a chance. They didn't press enough. I've been bragging about 'em for two yeaxrs, they're doing a great job and here all of a sudden they start acting like Mike Curb. They just didn't take a chance. Brett, the guy that owns the company didn't...you know the record industry right now as a whole is not set-up to do the volume that they did a year ago. They're upset, but that doesn't have anything to do with my Roots Volume 1. A hit is a hit is a hit, it don't make no difference when it is. The only reason they didn't press enough of my records is because the whole industry...the bottom line is down. In the meeting they had they said, 'Hey we can't afford, we're only going to press 90,000 on Haggard this time,' instead of 250,000 like they should have. That's my life this morning."

I realize these next comments are going to seem like beating a dead mule with a pickaxe to a lot of people, but if you pick up the local tabloid rag, or the daily newspaper, or watch Fox 13's "Good Morning Utah" or, God forbid, turn on the radio...the entire city, state and country acts like they've Leen held down by Invasion From Mars mummified aliens and had the implant drilled right into their brains. Pod people are in charge and instead of a "silent majority" America appears to be a nation of "vote-with-their-wallet" pod people incapable of independent thought. Merle arrived at this subject completely on his own. I did not prod him. "They're not going to play Merle Haggard on the radio until radio is changed in some ways. Until we decide that the consumer actually has a voice, there's nobody that cares what you or I want to hear on the radio nowadays. It's what their guy in Chicago that owns 800 stations decides will be played because of the largest amount of payola that's ever went on in the history of programming. Hey, it's been going on since '89." Holy shit! Merle Haggard sounds like an anti-corporate, anti-globa

wife and child when he got drunk and tried to rob a restaurant. His wife was waiting in the car, and damned if I know why she didn't have the sense to stop him, but Merle and two friends were so drunk they thought it was 3 o'clock in the morning. They tried to break in the back door of the restaurant, (still open since the control of the control of the restaurant).

Only Fly is a pretty dang good disc, understated and glorious. Now Anti has released Roots Volume I just in time for Christmas shopping. Merle Haggard will ring in the New Year in Utah at Peery's Egyptian Theater in Ogden.

Merle Haggard was not having all that great of a day when I called him at his home. He was

interesting comment a little later, a comment don't totally agree with, but never-the-less, a comment to ponder; and who am I to argue with Merle? "Until people out there...until there's enough people that have enough influence, enough clout, to get this point across to the making to put the consumer back in control.

-we're not going to have any radio that you want to hear." I don't know Merle, the vast majority seem pretty content with the "product" the radio is feeding them.

Hang on just a minute. I'm continuing with this subject a little bit more and then I'll move on. You God damn kids better pay attention, Merle Haggard is a wise elder

statesman and he is speaking. their arrogant, uninformed attitudes. They're going to go broke. You know? People like

Wal-Mart, they better git it. They better git it now because they ain't going to last long." We can only hope you're right Merle. Shut down the damn Wal-Marts, Shopkos, Media Plays, Best Buys, K-Marts, Targets, Gaps and all that shit! Give me a brick! But he had more! He's still talking about internet shopping and he gets going on the current "homeland security" police state. "It cuts down on your chances of going to town and getting a ticket or having an M-16 pointed at you. Make sense?" Merle Haggard has a couple of recent gospel albums which are nearly impossible to find in stores. One of them, Two Old Friends, has received a Grammy nomination and Merle is pushing internet at albums on the http://www.merlehaggard.com/. One might say that Merle has a vested interest in internet shopping?

Moving on. I was talking to Merle about his upcoming New Year's Eve performance and then I thought I'd ask him about previous Utah visits. I said, "Merle, I have another Utah question." He started laughing and laughing. "Utah question? That's funny." I said, "This is a strange place." And Merle, still laughing replies, "I know it is. I lived in Bakersfield, California and I went up there to Price, Utah in 1955 and worked in the oil fields. I know about that place." And who knew that Merle had worked in Price? Probably none of you, but anyway. This Ogden gig will set you back at least \$50 and don't expect to meet Merle afterwards. He doesn't want any crazy people throwing anthrax in his face and he won't guarantee that he'll sing "Okie From Muskogee" either. As he said, "It's kind of unimportant right now, "Fightin' Side Of Me" is more important." An obvious opening for a discussion on the idiot Lee Greenwood, but an opening I didn't take of advantage of because the subject of pot came up.

"I don't think it's important whether we smoke grass or not right now. I think it's right down under sex and loose shoes, about number eight. I think marijuana is the most abused subject, and the most uneducated subject in America. We need to spread the word about hemp, we need to spread the word about marijuana, and people need to understand and investigate and listen no longer to the oil companies, the lumber companies or the cotton people. They need to listen to their own conscience. If it was as good or as bad as they say it is why are they fighting it? What is the big deal? Why shouldn't you be able to grow onions or marijuana in your garden? If you so

choose and you pay your taxes and you obey the laws of the land why should anybody be able to come and look up your dress and tell you what color panties you've got on? If you pay your taxes and you do the right thing, it might be better than some of these attitude drugs they're giving people and causing of, but all of that is neither here nor there. I'm finishing this up with Merle's comments on the state of the working man today and a final piece of his good advice.

"Working Man Blues" was a number 1 country hit for Merle in 1969. "A Working Man Can't Get Nowhere Today" reached

number 16 in 1977.

What does Merle Haggard see as he "I've seen a free

country, America, go

from an unbelievable condition that will probably never be equaled again on this earth to a society that has less freedom than I had in the yard of San Quentin in 1958." Finally, Merle has been married five times. He has remained good friends with all four of his ex-wives. Almost anyone who has been through a divorce knows what a rare feat that friendship is. How does he do it? He had a very simple answer, "There ain't nobody you can't be friends with."

Roots Volume 1 is available in every Utah store I've visited lately. Of course I try to avoid the Wal-Marts and the Media Plays. If you aren't an alcoholic, pick up some whiskey at the liquor store prior to listening. Hardcore honky tonk makes some people feel like drinking and...there are a couple of Hank Williams' songs on the disc. Alcoholics might want to score some pot. As far as New Year's Eve? It's best to purchase tickets now!

"If you so choose and you pay your taxes and you obey the going to boom because of laws of the land why should anybody be able to come and look up travels around the your dress and tell you what color panties you've got on? "

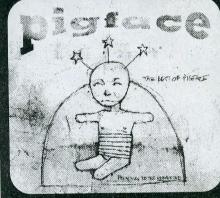
> women to kill their own children. The Valium sellers, what about those people? Teddy Bennion [I don't know who Teddy is.], he was a heroin addict, but he knew that Xanex was worse than heroin. That was on the national news. The doctors and the chemists and the druggists are linked together and they got the greatest dope deal going. They got their store called the drug store. What percentage of all the drug problems in America occur under that banner? Right underneath 'Drug Store.' You talk to any sheriff in any area and they'll tell you, 'You are absolutely right Merle.' The biggest problem is legal drugs having nothing to do with anything the drug war, the so-called drug war, is financed to do."

Merle and I talked about several other subjects including a video for the old Lefty Frizzell song, "If You've Got the Money (I've Got the Time)." Roots Volume 1 is kind of a tribute album to Frizzell, as the presence of Norm

Stephens, Frizzell's original guitarist and a huge influence on Merle's guitar style demonstrates all over the album. Merle was not one bit pleased with the video shoot, he called the finished product "a bunch of chaotic bullshit like you see on most of them country videos." He is fighting to keep the video from ever airing on television until he can fix it like he wants it, and supposedly creative freedom is written into his contract. We also talked about Hank Thompson's "The Wild Side of Life," another song on the new album. I suggested a video for that song in order to provoke an answer, as in Kitty Well's original answer to Thompson, "It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels." And, we talked about a vinvl version of Roots since the intent was to capture the feel of Lefty Frizzell record, some-

thing CDs aren't capable

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Zineland Interviews Clamor Magazine with Stakerized!

Sometimes you need a change. Your regular reading diet of music mags, skating and whatever else you do for entertainment is fine, but sometimes you want something more. Sometimes you want to engage with the world on more profound level, actually have an effect on our social and political situation. Jen Angel and Jason Kuczma, both active for years in progressive politics and zine publishing (Angel also publishes the Zine Yearbook) started Clamor Magazine in Bowling Green, OH a little over a year ago to provide just such a forum. And when they call their organization Become the Media, they mean just that: they openly take submissions from readers on key topics of import. Recent issues have focussed on water conservation, prison reform, WTO protests, and a lot more stuff going on that the mainstream media doesn't cover, or not in as much depth. Lest you think the reading is dry, the very fact of their open submission policy helps keep the magazine fresh. The two also recently held the first annual Underground Publishing Conference earlier this year, gathering some of the most interesting minds in alternative publishing to share ideas. Also, Utne Reader has nominated Clamor for Best Cultural/Social Coverage in the Alternative Press Awards. We picked the publishers brains to find out what they clamor for.

SLUG: When did you start Clamor, and why? I noticed in the issue archive #1 was Feb. 2000; did it exist in a different form before then, or were you doing what you are doing now with the magazine in a different venue? What other activities is Become the Media engaged in?

Jen: The first issue was published in Feb 2000 - but it took us about 6 months to put it all

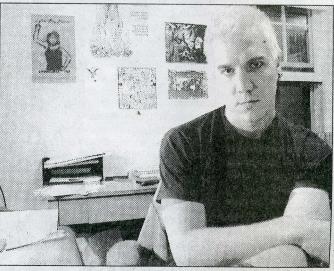


Jen Angel of Zine Yearbook & Clamour Mag

together, so we were working on it for a while. Jason and I have both been involved in independent publishing for a long time, around 10 years, but Clamor was the first project we worked on together. Become the Media is the blanket name we use for all of our projects, including the Underground Publishing Conference and past editions of the Zine Yearbook, for example.

Jason: We would like Become The Media to serve as the publisher, creator and distributor of a wide variety of alternative/progressive media projects. Right now, though, we're busy taking over the magazine industry (joking, of course!).

SLUG: Why do you produce the magazine the way you do, not taking big corporate ads and having a fairly open submission policy? How are you able to survive financially, and how



"Clamor exists to fill the voids left by mainstream media. Clamor and use that We recognize and celebrate the fact that each of us can and goal to inform what we should participate in media, politics and culture."

do you keep the quality of submissions high? Jen: We want the magazine to be open to people who normally don't have access to the mainstream media - and that's a lot of people. Most people who aren't professional journalists can't be published in such forums - we want Clamor to truly be a forum. We get a lot of submissions, and we keep the quality high by being selective and helping writers with editing if necessary - and we pay our writers as well.

Jason: We've been really fortunate in that Clamor has attracted a lot of really skilled writers, researchers, and artists who come to us with their work trying to get it to a larger audience. We try to give that audience to as many people as possible in one issue. Obviously it works both ways in that there are a lot of magazine readers looking for something to connect with their everyday life, and the diversity of our contributors makes that more likely to happen for a lot more readers.

SLUG: What niche or void do you think you

fill? How well do you think you've succeeding in accomplishing your mission statement? Jason: We've been told that we are filling a void left by some of the progressive magazines that have been around for a while now. All I know is that our readers are primarily left-leaning folks ranging in age from 16 to 80. Our readers are interested in culture, politics, relationships and the economy, but they also realize that mainstream media has not earned the right to maintain a monopoly on coverage of these issues. As far as success is concerned, I think we've been relatively successful in creating a magazine that refuses to become another niche publication. We're told that it's going to be the death of the magazine, but we just published the 12th issue and we don't plan on stopping anytime soon.

> SLUG: Has Clamor shifted focus changed its technique of addressing the issues since you started?

Jen: I wouldn't say we've shifted focus, just that our focus has become more clearly defined. It's a whole learning process. We knew what we wanted to say, but not how to do so in a large magazine format. So over the last two years we've been able to learn how to better express our ideas.

Jason: In a sense, we've been able to more clearly articulate the goal of decide to print in each issue. Recently we

were able to distill what two years of publishing of Clamor has been all about and will be as long as we can keep it going: " to provide a media outlet that reflects the reality of alternative politics and culture in a format that is accessible to people from a variety of backgrounds. Clamor exists to fill the voids left by mainstream media. We recognize and celebrate the fact that each of us can and should participate in media, politics and culture. We publish writing and art that exemplifies the value we place on autonomy, creativity, exploration, and cooperation. Clamor is an advocate of progressive social change."

SLUG: How is the magazine responding to recent political events, such as the bombings, and US foreign policy coming under closer scrutiny, and the perils civil liberties face in wartime?

Jason: Clamor is just one of many media sources internationally that has been vocally critical about the bombings. Because we aren't able to come out more frequently, we have to cover these rapidly-changing events carefully. We just sent the Jan/Feb issue to the printer and it contains in-depth analyses of the role mainstream media has played in the war. We also have a number of pieces covering the growing international anti-war movement in that same issue.

Jen: However, we are able to provide more up-to-date analysis and information at our website, www.clamormagazine.org, where we have a section devoted to anti-war information.

SLUG: What are some of the stories in the current issue that you are especially excited about?

Jen: The issue we are working on right now is the Jan/Feb 2002 issue, which has a focus on Consumerism/Consumption issues. There's a lot of great stuff in it. The cover story is a feature on the Ontario Coalition Against Poverty - and they're doing a lot of great work. There's also an interview with former Weatherman Bill Ayers that gives a lot of insight into activism, terrorism, etc, which makes it very appropriate for the times.

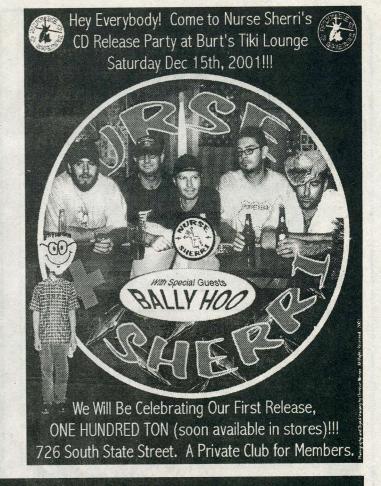
SLUG: How do you foresee

Clamor changing emphasis in the upcoming cultural landscape? Are there any special projects? I noticed mention of a benefit CD; are there any other projects coming up?

Jason: One of the projects we are currently working on is setting up a non-profit organization whose mission will be to fund alternative media projects. Initially, it will most likely focus on supporting Clamor, Become the Media and the Underground Publishing Conference (in addition to other outreach workshops we'd like to do in any community that will have us). We're coming to this project with the help of community organizers at ACORN, and I'm excited about the prospect of making alliances with other progressive projects. That's what is most rewarding about doing Clamor.

jen angel / become the media / fucktooth/ the zine yearbook / clamor

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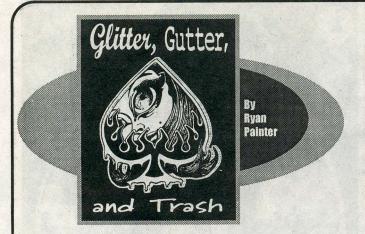
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So we find ourselves standing at the edge of another year gone by; we'll save the retrospection for another time and another place. For now we'll pretend that music is the only distraction that matters.

How do you follow up one of the best pop albums of all time? With a schizophrenic mass of pop rock chaos apparently. Expectations were high, perhaps too high. Version 2.0 was a fantastic bit of sugar that didn't leave you feeling guilty for loving it. Beautiful is something quite different. Maybe this time there were simply too many producers in one studio, in one band, to keep the music from rushing off in different directions. On one hand you have songs that sound like they're ballads from the 1960s and on the other you have a hybrid of R&B top 40 and distorted alt rock. Yet in the end, after multiple listens, the album isn't the disappointment it initially seems to be. There are a few great ballads: "Cup of Coffee," "Drive You Home" (which sounds very much like a **Heather Nova** track) and "So Like A Rose" (which sounds like **Mazzy Star**). "Parade" and "Breaking Up The Girl" are fantastic pop songs. The single "Androgyny" isn't instantly digestible but will grow on you and its sister song and second single "Cherry Lips" is a delightful romp about drag queens. Probably their worst album yet, but when you consider how good the first two were Beautiful really isn't all that bad.

Why the world remains in the dark when it comes to this brilliant band continues to escape me. Fantastic soaring female vocals, great guitar work and a sense of how to write a pop song without losing credibility should put All About Eve in the top 10. But the world has never made much sense when it comes to popular culture. Live & Electric is a fantastic companion to the two live acoustic releases that preceded it. This 16 track recording featuring the guitar playing of Marty Wilson-Piper (The Church), Andy Cousin (ex-Mission) and the beautiful voice of Julianne Regan (Mice and Jules et Jim who also have new or expanded releases). The set list covers the majority of All About Eve's releases highlighting the singles "December," "Martha's Harbour" and "Freeze" along with Mice's "Miss World" and another stunning version of Marty Wilson-Piper's "You Bring Your Love To Me." Hurry and order it from www.allabouteve.net and get the limited edition which features a bonus disc with a storming rendition of "Farewell Mr. Sorrow" as well as the classics "Never

When The Cure were set to release their second singles collection Elektra asked that Robert compile a career spanning 'greatest hits' instead. Robert refused and Galore was released as the companion piece for Staring At The Sea. However with this new release it would seem that Elektra got exactly what they wanted in 1997 particularly when you take into account that nothing from the anti-pop record Bloodflowers, the only album released after Galore, appears on this collection. Even with the addition of two new tracks, "Cut Here" and "Just Say Yes," this release can't help but feel redundant. That is unless you take into account the limited edition bonus disc of 17 acoustic tracks recorded specifically for this release (featuring Boris on additional percussion no less). It doesn't quite make up for never officially releasing the initial MTV Unplugged sessions but satisfies and justifies the release to the diehard fans like myself who buy anything with The Cure tattooed on the cover. As far as the new material goes "Cut Here" is a fantastic pop song (Robert's missing remix on the import single however brilliantly turns it inside out and strips it down to a completely different melancholy beast), "Just Say Yes" isn't. Granted it looked great on paper: a duet with Saffron (ex-Republica singer and is currently working on a solo release with Dean of Curve) could have been brilliant. But it isn't exactly a duet it's more like a prolonged rant and quite frankly it doesn't work. "Signal To Noise" (the b-side to "Cut Here") would have made a better choice but I would guess it didn't qualify because its tone is rather dark. Nonetheless sit back, enjoy and stop complaining that your favorite tracks weren't included, no one ever claimed that this was a "best of" and it shouldn't be viewed as one. Robert has often said that a best of would be something quite different and singles collection, or in this case a greatest hits. A great place for the unacquainted to start but hopefully not the band's last breath.

TH & THE MUSE CAUSA | METROPOLIS

THE CURE ELEKTRA/FICTION

More bands should be this considerate to their fans. This 2 CD collection compiles live versions, rare tracks and some new remixes from the likes of Rhea's Obsession, Collide, and Cassandra Complex and makes up for all their re-issues that have flooded the market over the past year. The quality of the recordings is fantastic, even the demos have a distinct charm and quality that normally isn't associated with rough mixes. The highlight being an emotional charged live version of Rozz Williams' "Romeo's Distress." Essential listening for traditional female fronted goth purists who aren't passionate about the latest trends towards an industrial-goth hybrid (even the remixes aren't necessarily dance versions).

ASTRALASIA
HING SOMEWHERE | TRANSIENT

If there was one thing this record taught me it is that my interest in trance has run aground. Don't get me wrong though, this is a rather good album. Astralaisa have been around for years and they know exactly what they are doing. Fronted by Swordfish (also a member of Salt Tank) they mix ambiance and beats. Not quite as pop driven as Paul Van Dyk's recent releases (and if his Columbia EP is an indication of what is to come he might want to reconsider releasing any new material) but more distinct than the hordes of generic bleeps that dominate trance compilations. Recommended for those who aren't jaded by trance and club DJ's looking to pack the floors with something solid that everyone hasn't already heard.

ALL ABOUT EVE TE & ELECTRIC AT THE UNION CHAPEL

Promise Anyone Forever" and "Scarlet".

As some of you are buying your CDs, and browsing music related websites you're more than likely noticing more and more the Copy



COPY Kills Music logo. Though the name is pretty self-LLS explanatory, I'd like to emphasize how incredi-MUSIC bly important this campaign actually is to this

genre we all know and love so much.

Most of you may already be aware that the Canadian-based label Gashed! (home to such artists as Aghast View, cut.rate.box, NCC, and formally Assemblage 23 and Negative Format) is no longer among us. Though I'm sure the downfall was mostly due to bad management, speaking from history and many other stories people had to tell about said label, I can't help but think that the CD sales were somewhat hampered by the not so newfound MP3 and CD-R

"People are so used to free music now, and through all the different ways of getting it all they rarely seem to buy CDs anymore. It's really been sad lately to hear about a lot of labels and bands having to quit because they just couldn't make it anymore. Some may think I make this up, but I don't. You can ask most labels doing industrial music; they will say the same. The major labels benefit from mp3s and Napster of course, because people will always buy their idols, and heroes, and commercial bubblegum music. Plus it has MTV, and all the other network and cable channels to push this shallow cheeze music most people buy into," says Tommy T, owner of the electro label DSBP, which is now 38 releases strong.

"The thing is this [that] industrial music is more popular in the clubs and public/college radio than ever before; it gets a lot of exposure. Yet sales have dropped for most labels by around 30-50% over the last year or so. That's what I can report, and I'm sure others will follow. Yet, there's so much more music in stock. 4 [times] more of what we had last year for instance. There's a lot of this music out, so the competition is certainly rough, but when your bands are getting bootlegged and put up on Napster and mp3's on peoples sites without permission it spreads like wildfire..and the underground-industrial community is pretty tight with each other. So the loss of sales and income for the bands and labels is imminent."

So what does Tommy T see happening in the future of our beloved genre if this craze does not seize to stop?

"Well, first off, it ain't stopping. I see all these new file sharing and mp3 players, storage all advertised daily on TV and you know the sheep will always follow what they see advertised on TV, right? So it's not going anywhere. We are not gonna let it deter us though. We will figure out ways to combat piracy and the spreading of music illegally in any way we can think of, but we know we are outnumbered by the herds of course. Watermarking and shit like that needs to be more opened and talked about since that other side

(piracy) is so open in every way it can be." "Actually, I am in this to have fun, and for the love of music. We will keep releasing CDs, and keep trying to spread good morals and awareness to those who don't have a clue. Maybe we will see people be more honest in the future and not do it as much... Maybe we won't. There's not any way to stop the madness, just keep making music and take your chances. Knowing there's no real career, or [money] in making music, releasing music, or distributing it. Kinda disheartening I think if YOU ARE the business owner. We put out all the money to make all this happen in the first place, that's what

people forget. Sure, it's not all about money, but when you need money to make money.... Ah, figure it out? Why do we work daily dead end jobs; to feed our families, right? Same thing we have to do. It's called life. It's called survival. Yes, even musicians, and label owners, need to eat from time to time. Music and DSBP [is] my passion and my love, but also my career, and I put everything I have personally into making it work, and releasing great industrial music."

Visit DSBP at http://www.dsbp.cx, and Tommy T's weekly radio show Cyberage at http://www.cyberage.cx.



RELEASES FOR 2001



- 1. Front Line Assembly Epitaph
- 2. Haujobb Polarity
- 3. L'ame Immortelle -Dann habe ich umsonst gelebt
- 4. Mlada Fronta Fe2 o3
- 5. Assemblage 23 Failure

BEST SINGLE



Hocico - Untold Blasphemies Runner up: L'ame Immortelle - Judgement

BEST NEW ARTIST/ALBUM

Re | Work - Impulse

BEST COMPILATION

Septic II - Dependent Record

BEST BOX SET

Klinik - End of the Line

WORST RELEASE

Funker Vogt - Code 7477 Runner up: Flesh Field - Belief Control

MOST ANTICIPATED FOR 2002

Pain Station - Dead is Dead Runner up: Pulse Legion - (Title TBA)

tion of an era. "The movie "Another and we pest come and the pest

Band of Brothers The BYO Records Story by Stakerized!

In a time of anniversaries in the indie music world, zines, labels, and even some bands started in the early 80s, are all celebrating the fact that they've somehow managed to just hang around and still do what they love. BYO, Better Youth Organization Records, was not just about the music, but was about trying to be a positive force for the punk rock community in its Los Angeles home. In LA, citizens have sometimes found themselves at odds with those called to "Protect and Serve" in the LAPD. They were able to take their idealism and translate it into something real, combating the negative outlook against punk without watering down the music. We talked to Shawn Stern, who along with brothers Mark and Adam, founded the band Youth Brigade, and BYO Records, and are still going strong in PINHEAD their third decade.

"It started back in 1982; we were running a club called Godzilla. Even before that, in 1979 there was a group of people promoting shows in the LA area, trying to do positive things for the punk rock crowd." They made enough money doing this that they were able to finance the release of a compilation of area bands, Someone Got Their Head Kicked In. With Social Distortion, Bad Religion, Adolescents, and the Sterns' own band Youth Brigade,

it was one of the best collections of early 80s punk bands, a reflection of an era. "Then the comp turned into a tour, and the movie "Another State of Mind"," explains Stern.

"We just had the idea that we would put out our own records, and those of people we liked. Bands like Aggression, and Seven Seconds. We met bands on tour, like SNFU and the Unwanted from Canada, and released their stuff. We just put out what we like; punk rock, melodic music that has something to say. There's a difference between good and great music. Great bands take their influences, and make them their own. At the Drive In, Hot Water Music, are some great bands."

"Some great bands we worked with we thought we could help, we released. But a couple of great bands we couldn't help.

Suicidal Tendencies, we were going to release their first record, but it didn't work out. There were disagreements; we usually like to have a lot of input into our artists' work, and they weren't open to that. We heard demos from Jawbreaker and Pennywise in the 80s, but didn't feel we could help either of them. Tom Wilson brought us tapes of Offspring and Sublime as

"Our biggest acts? **Seven Seconds'** 1985 album *Walk Together, Rock Together*, sold between 15-20,000. **Youth Brigade,** of course. And **Bouncing Souls'** two records on our label sold almost as much as their releases on *Epitaph*. We helped them go from a small band to a headliner. And we helped **Hepcat** to go from selling 4-5000 to 45,000. Our release of **Royal Crown Revue** helped the whole swing thing happen."

Any secrets to staying around as long as you have as an indie? "We don't have any secrets. I dunno, the thing about us, and most labels started musicians. Dischord, Epitaph, Jello at Alternative Tentacles, Touch & Go; we do it because we love music. We're just trying to get good music out. Majors and a lot of small indies are just trying to make money. There's nothing wrong with that; you have to be business savvy to

well.



STERN BROTHERS

survive. But we are about more than that."

"We've had a lot of memorable releases; **Seven Seconds, SNFU, Youth Brigade,** just for starters. There's nothing we've put out that we've regretted." How do they promote their acts? "We just do what every-

one else does. A lot of print ads; we like to support fanzines. Send copies to college radio. We release record promos, a month or two ahead. Zines, internet, radio. We send them to indie retail stores, and try to gerreviews. Hopefully the band hits the road then. Then we hit the weeklys, try to get interviews, and show reviews."

"There are a bt of new releases this year. Pinhead Circus has a new one out. Pistol Grip is a new signing, and they are touring with Slaughter and the Dogs (a band who originally opened for the Sex Pistols in the 70s). Unseen, from Boston, they tour their asses off, and will be in Europe in Feb-March. Manic Hispanic is great, hilarious, doing punk rock covers in Spanglish. Filthy Theiving Bastards, has two of the guys from Swinging Utters. Kosher, from St. Louis, is another new signing."



BYO KIDS

"For our 20th anniversary, we'll release our third volume in our split series, with Rancid and NOFX covering each other's songs. It'll be our biggest release ever. Youth Brigade, Leatherface, Unseen, Pistol Grip, will all have new stuff out.

We are looking at our fourth split next year. And we are

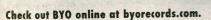
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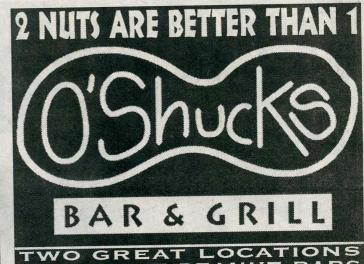
talk-

great San Francisco

band. Rancid and NOFX will tour the split on the West Coast. We may have an anniversary party."

You can't talk about BYO without mentioning Punk Rock Bowling. The annual event is held in Las Vegas, with punk labels and bands from all over the country bowling, drinking and playing shows over a raucous weekend in February. "We heard that Fat Wreck Chords had started a bowling league in San Francisco with Epitaph and some other people. So we started a league here, then it turned into a tournament. Now it's in its fourth year. It's just a big party with all our friends."





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While still in Hong Kong, John formed a negative impression of his fellow Tibetan Adventure Company travelers. In his opinion, they were a venal collection of yuppie thrill seekers and Republicans. He could tell by the way they were dressed when he met them for the tour's first dinner together at the swank Mandarin Oriental Hotel.

Sally, a thirty-something lawyer, wore Donna Karen. The honeymooners, Al and Deena, a Jewish American prirce and princess from Long Island, both had cashmere sweaters casually tied like wannabe WASP capes around their shoulders. Bob and Mary, elderly retired schoolteachers from Indiana, were a living archive of his and her polyester leisure suits. And Bill and Ann, middle-aged owners of a successful Arizona development company, wore head to toe Banana Republic. Typical Ugly American tourists, John had decided with a shudder.

Of course he didn't consider himself anything so middle brow as a tourist. As a self-confirmed Taoist and self-proclaimed citizen of the world, John was merely visiting one of his spiritual homes. Tibet was but one of many religious hot spots in various Third World countries to where the almighty American dollar stretched like a bridge from John's home town of Salt Lake City. Thanks to a recently acquired inheritance, last year he went to Machu Pichu. This year he was headed for Lhasa with a backpack filled with Shambala books, one hundred Dali Lama cards in the pocket of his Dockers to give to devout natives, and, unfortunately, a troop of homegrown philistines accompanying him.

Happily, the Adventure Company guide was an actual Tibetan, albeit one with a graduate degree from Columbia University. Still, John was positive that Kesong would bring an authenticity to the tour that an American, or worse yet, a Chinese guide - an oppressor of Tibet by definition, would completely lack. Also, he was looking forward to a spirited debate with a real Buddhist (as opposed to an American convert) over striving for Enlightenment

versus going with the flow of the Tao.

Unfortunately, Ann and Bill, despoilers of many square miles of pristine desert (or so John assumed), monopolized Kesong at dinner, Bill grilling him on his Ivy League economics degree and offering him a job in Arizona should he ever care to get down to business and make some real money. Sally and Al, who was also a lawyer, discussed the latest issue of the Law Review, while the Deena and Mary found common ground in their respective monotheistic devotion to Judaism and Catholicism. That left the cheerful and aged Bob for John to talk to.

But how interesting could an octogenarian former algebra teacher possibly be? Not very John calculated. He opted for a detached Zen-like silence instead. Bob, rebuffed and puzzled, eventually joined Ann, Bill, and Kesong's conversation on the sad history of

China's occupation of Tibet.

Later, in the solitude of his room, John was proud he'd risen above the evening's mundane social chitchat and was sure he'd established himself with his fellow travelers as a still water that ran deep. That is, until Kesong sat next to him on their flight to Chengdu the next morning.

You OK, dude?" the guide asked, only the slightest lilt on his last word betraying a vestigial Tibetan accent. "You were awful quiet at dinner last night. Everybody was worried about you when you didn't

join us for drinks afterwards."

"Oh, that was because I was thinking about something I read in 'Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism'," fibbed John. "Lama Trungpa really forces me to work on my ego," he added, hoping his Buddhist name-dropping would correct Kesong's

false impression of him.

"Trungpa?" snorted Kesong. "Dude should have been doing a little work himself, instead of screwing underage disciples." Disgust contorted his features. "Not to mention his AID's cover-up," he added contemptuously. "Why don't you read something by His Holiness? He leaves out Trungpa's sexy tantric bells and whistles, but he really gets to the heart of the Bodhisattva ideal.'

John nodded sagely as if he knew what Kesong

was talking about.

Not fooled, Kesong elaborated, "A bodhisattva is somebody who vows to delay their own enlightenment until all sentient beings are saved from suffering," and he reached into his backpack and handed

John a book written by the Dalai Lama.

Although secretly titillated by sexy Tantric bells and whistles, not to mention graphic Tantric depictions of anthropomorphized male compassion and female wisdom uniting in acrobatic sexual poses, John accepted the book. He even tried to read it on the second leg of their airborne journey to Lhasa, but His Holiness was as uninteresting as John's former ward bishop - and nearly as preachy. John fell asleep halfway down the Noble Eightfold Path and didn't wake until the plane reached its destination.

Following his snubbed seatmate, Sally, across the tarmac of Lhasa airport

toward the Adventure Company's waiting mini-bus, the first thing John noticed about Tibet was that it had even less air than the Andes. By the time he'd walked fifty feet, he was huffing and puffing like he'd run a mile.

'Are you OK?" called Sally over her shoulder,

striding robustly on ahead of him.

'Yes," John panted, annoyed, believing her more condescending than concerned. He stopped to swing his newly leaden backpack to his other shoulder, barely missing Mary who'd been rapidly bring up

John, you're not sick, are you?" Full of grandmotherly concern, she put one hand on his shoulder; her rosary beads still entwined in her other. She'd been praying for a safe landing because China's domestic airline, CAAC (which wags on the tour claimed stood for "China Airlines Always Crashes"), was infamous for its poor air safety record and eccen-

John, still snorting hard for elusive oxygen molecules, saw the beads and thought, how superstitious, how unenlightened! Out loud he snapped,

"I'm alright!"

The rest of the group had caught up to him by then, crowding around, using up what little air was left in the thin atmosphere. John breathlessly tried to stay ahead of them, but couldn't. Without a word, Bill lifted the backpack from John's shoulder and added it to the two bags he was lugging. Bob grasped one of John's elbows and Al the other. Together, they helped him to the bus.

Once John sat down, he was able to catch his breath. It was then he noticed the second thing about Tibet, the Chinese were indeed in charge and had assigned a Chinese guide. The dreaded purveyor of the Party line was an attractive, twenty-year-old woman sitting in the front seat. She introduced herself as 'Miss Fong' and welcomed the tourists in a soft, melodically accented voice. John braced himself for forthcoming Communist lies, but all he got was a hot mug of the tea that Miss Fong poured for the tour's members. Kesong, arriving last after seeing to the luggage, swung into the seat beside Miss Fong. In return for the mug she handed him, he gave her a smooch on the cheek. She blushed prettily as the gentle laughter of fans of young love rippled through the bus.

Disconcerted to see Kesong consorting with the enemy, John turned away from the sight and fixedly watched the arid landscape of Tibet roll past his window. The view reminded him of Salt Lake Valley lying wide and dry between the Wasatch and the Oquirrhs. All that was lacking was I-15 and urban sprawl. Disappointed that his destination lacked exotic strangeness, John closed his eyes to the irritatingly familiar vista and didn't open them again until the bus pulled up in front of Tibetan Guesthouse Number One.

"Meet in the lobby in an hour," Kesong reminded the tourists as they left the bus. "We'll have dinner tonight in the hotel and go over our itinerary together. In the meantime, I suggest a nap. We're at thirteen thousand feet. This altitude can make you ill if you overdo it." As John passed, he asked, sotto voce, "Are you OK?"

'Fine," John lied, "I'm used to it. I did Machu Pichu last year." He forced himself to bound up the hotel's steps. The Maoist overlord's strong sweet tea had been a restorative, giving him the super-human strength to carry his own luggage.

Once settled in his room (another disappointment - a dead ringer for a Motel 8 single) John decided not



to follow Kesong's advice. Wanting a more direct experience of Lhasa than his fellow travelers were willing to settle for, he blithely set out for a walk in a nearby Tibetan neighborhood. He hadn't gone two blocks before a crowd of boisterous, snot-nosed children surrounded him.

'Dalai Lama, Dalai Lama," they pleaded shrilly,

tugging at his shirt and laughing.

Did they mistake him for His Holiness? Not even at his most spiritually materialistic, could John believe that. Then he realized that the kids wanted Dalai Lama cards. Unfortunately, not wanting their bulk in his pants, he'd left them back in his room.

John pulled his pockets inside out to prove their Buddha-like emptiness. "No Dalai Lama!" he explained, loudly so the supplicants would under-

stand English.

The laughter abruptly ceased and the crestfallen children melted away into the adobe alleys and the oncoming evening's shadows, but not before thrusting insolent little tongues out at John. Oh well, he'd bring cards from now on, John shrugged. Dismissing the incident, he contemplated the similarity between Tibetan architecture and the Acoma Pueblo, speculating that it was due to each culture's deep spirituality.

As he stood lost in thought, the far shout of children wafted to his ears, followed by the baying of many dogs. Ah, smiled the citizen of the world - kids and dogs, a happy constant wherever he wandered.

The howling increased in volume, shifting to a sonic Doppler blue as its source rapidly approached. The first dog to leap from the pueblo's ally was a huge black thing with two spots of red fur on its forehead, a classic Tibetan "four-eyed" mastiff. The second, third, and fourth dogs resembled their leader. Not that John noticed, for he'd taken to his heels at the sight of the first monster.

Luckily, fleet-footed fear and good canine karma allowed him to reach his hotel unharmed, if frighteningly short of breath. Gasping and twenty minutes late, he joined his patiently waiting associates in

the lobby

"John, please be punctual from now on. We have only a week here and a tight itinerary. It's unfair to the rest of the group to not keep to the schedule," Kesong admonished.

Well, John huffed, that settles the Buddhism versus going with the flow of the Tao question! What a tightass! Figures he's going out with a Chinese chick. "OK," he replied grudgingly, following his famished

companions into dinner.

Since he had a pounding headache due to his recent high altitude sprint, John paid scant attention to the conversation at the table or to Kesong's postprandial recital of the tour's itinerary and lecture on the basics of Tibetan culture and Buddhism. Incomprehensible, multi-syllabic words like Mahayana, Padmasambhava, Tsongkhapa, Milarapa, and Avalokiteshvara spun around his already dizzy head. Feeling nauseous, John excused himself and fled to his room, newly grateful for the miracle of Motel 8 style flushing toilets.

One result of missing Kesong's orientation lecture was that for the rest of the trip, John had little idea of where they were at on the itinerary or the map. Was he plodding through the Drepung or Tashilumpo monastery? When would they visit the Potala Palace? The ubiquitous whitewashed adobe buildings of Tibet all looked alike to him, be they barns or temples, and the desiccated landscape was as monotonous as it was rugged. In the heart of the Orient, he

was disoriented and doomed to go with the

continued on page 33

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Wed, Jan. 16 6:00pm- Midnight- Screening of official selections BREWVIES- 677 S. 200 W. SLC

Thurs, January 17 9:00am-7:30pm- Screening of official selections

THE PHAT TIRE- 438 S. MAIN Street- PARK CITY
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Tromette (tro-met) noun

1: the archetypal heroine of a Troma film 2: a proactive, intelligent female self-starter who appeals on all levels to both sexes (as well as to genderless space mutants) 3: a thick linguine noodle with a creamy calamari sauce most common in the northernmost provinces of the Middle East 4: a fiercely pointed mind in a lushly curvaceous body; a beautiful woman with a large mind and small clothes

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BROMO



RECERCE + FILMWCRKS

If you have never had the chance to witness a Pigface show before, now is your chance. December 12th at The Zephy Club, Pigface will be soiling all that they see fit, and they're going to make sure that you remember it. From rowd members eating household appliance accessories, to band members riding the audience in inflatable witercraft, it's certainly sure to leave its greasy, black thimbprint on your eyeballs.

As usual, Martin Atkins will be joined with all-star performers from Chemlab, Hate Dept, Thrill Kill Kult, Bile, Rollins Band and more. Here is a little taste of what we can look forward to:

SLUG: I read that a couple got married on stage at the show in Pittsburgh.

MARTIN: Yeah, they emailed me said, "We're coming to Chicago, can we have a cup of coffee?" Sometimes a label owner will fly over from Europe and I'm just too fucking busy, but there are these little windows where someone sends me an email just at the right time, and I'll go, "Yeah, I was going for coffee anyway. I'll see you at this coffee place on 18th street." Honestly it's as enjoyable for me as it was for them. Here's a couple from Pittsburgh and it was great to spend just an hour with them. We exchanged emails for a while, and after about a year they were like, "Would it be possible for us to get married on stage?" (laughs) So I said, "Yeah, of course." One of the reasons I left Public Image Limited was that when somebody would walk up to John Lyden in a hotel reception area he had the ability to either make their year or destroy their year. More often then not he chose to destroy their year, "Fuck off you flare-flapping-hippy-fucking-whatever", just destroy them. So to be faced with an opportunity to be able to, without much effort really, create a situation for this couple where they could be married on stage with us, it's very difficult to say, "Ya know what, NO!" What I didn't expect was before the show I was in the dressing room trying to get my blood flowing and warm up, ever since I quit drinking I'm pretty open and sensitive, and I took all of their nervousness and absorbed it all into my body. It freaked me out a little bit. They had

their own reverend, and we created a new piece of music, they were married in front of the white screens that we put up to play behind sometimes, and as Scott kissed Kimmy, the kiss began in front of the screen then all the screens were removed and "You are now man and wife" happened with 14 members of Pigface sur-



rounding them playing a Damage Manual song called "Broadcasting". It was fucking great.

SLUG: Anything else kind of odd happening at your shows on this tour?

MARTIN: Well, that's just being 8 days into it. That's just like, "Oh yeah, that was Pittsburgh." Last night there was 35 people on stage with us. I was out at the mixing console at the end of the show tweaking around with Jaime, our sound man, a Go-Go drummer from DC was destroying my drum kit, it was fantastic. A girl walked on stage in Toronto and ate a light bulb. There's probably a hundred other things that've happened. That's what happens.

SLUG: Well, that's what has always made a Pigface show a Pigface show, right?

MARTIN: Yeah!

SLUG: How many members has Pigface brought out on the road this time?

MARTIN: There's 10 members of Pigface, there's 29 people on the tour. The guys from Gravity Kills and Godhead join us on the stage occasionally... whenever they feel like it really. I mean, I thought that maybe Jason from Godhead would come out and sing a song after about ten shows. Well, after three shows I look up and he's out there on top of the audience in our inflatable dingy waving at me. I turned around (I don't know what I was doing) and Jeff, the singer from Gravity Kills, was playing my drums. It's great. It's not what you would expect.

SLUG: I hear that Jared Louche will only be out with Pigface for half of the tour?

MARTIN: When is the Salt Lake date again?

SLUG: December the 12th.

MARTIN: Yes, he joins us the 5th. He has a radio show in England now so he can't join us until December, 5th. So yeah, Jared will be out, Meg Lee Chin is out, Charles Levi, Seibold from Hate Dept who you probably saw on the Ohgr tour, Chris Haskett from Rollins Band is playing guitar along side of Krztoff from Bile. I don't think he'll be with us by the 12th. We might pick up another guitarist, one of the guys from Godhead might play with us, I don't know. Chris Connelly of course is out with us. Leanne, a girl who plays drums for the Beernuts in Chicago, is playing drums next to me in a bikini, Curse Mackey from Evil Mothers and Grim Faeries. It's just a great group of people.

And there you have it from the ever-so-notorious Pigface ringleader, Martin Atkins.

If you remember the Ohgr interview back in the July issue, you'll probably remember the not-so-nice things he had to say about Martin Atkins. No, this issue was not neglected during the course of my conversation with Martin, but I thought I would be better left at the positive things that Pigface will be bringing to our town. You can find the transcript of his views on the Nivek Ogre situation on the SLUG website.



Conquering the Honey Trap

All, Jets to Brazil and Rival Schools: **Proof That Utah Produces** Its Share of Musicians

By: Rebecca Vernon Photos: Russel Daniels -2

Many Salt Lake City natives look on their hometown as a place akin to a Winnie-the-Pooh honey pot, only fit to mire musicians who are trying to venture outside the ceramic bubble in hopeless goo. The more you fight to leave, the more you stay, right? The more you actually do leave, the more you come back, in droves, attracted to the smell of the residue only a beehive can produce so well. Well, honey's sticky, so it's no surprise people get caught in it. But there's something about honey, also, that's so damn good . . .

All of us have heard the Salt Lake music scene alternately loved, defamed, praised, ripped on and supported. But whether musicians love it or hate it, one thing is certain. They almost all repeat the self-same line in order to back their desperation or to raise a challenge: "No big musician has come out of Salt Lake City." No pioneer to follow, no brave soul who carved the way, no example to point to.

In a way, they're right. No BIG rock musician has come out of Salt Lake City . . . yet. And by big, I mean Kurt Cobain big, someone that about 80% of all living Americans could point to with certainty and say, "Now, that was a famous rock musician."

But in a way, that's no excuse. Is Salt Lake's music scene a desperate fishbowl waiting for something to happen? Are you ready to slit your wrists or move to the musical meccas of Seattle, Portland, L.A. or N.Y., which are the four cities that every SL musician talks incessantly at least once every six months of moving to?

Well, don't do it yet. First, I want you to follow me to a special place. It's a place that all of us know and love: a place embedded in the name of the magazine you're reading. That's right. It's called the underground, baby.

The musicians SLUG interviewed found their roots in Salt Lake's local music scene. They grew up here, they were one of us. They picked up guitars in their teenage years, formed local bands, graduated from local Utah high schools and then . . . went on to become well-known on a national level. How did they do it, make the leap from here to there? What advice do they have? And how did growing up in Utah influence their earliest musical impressions? Their reponses varied, but they were all unified in one general viewpoint: that Utah has always spawned great local music.



Karl & Stephen remembering SLC

KARL ALVAREZ, bassist STEPHEN EGERTON, guitar The Descendants (1986-1996), All (1997-present)

Karl, 37, considers himself a late bloomer, having first picked up a bass guitar at 18 years of age in Salt Lake City. It was as a freshman at East High, where he said he "felt invisible," that he first met Stephen, his future bandmate in The Descendants and All, and who the character Steve-O from SLC Punk was modeled after.

The Ramones was the first band Karl was into, and The Massacre Guys was the first band he formed. He played his first show in a garage, and later played at a punk club called The Roxie (now a parking lot). Around the U of U there was a lot of cheap housing and Alvarez and his



Sittin' on the porch...where's the 40oz?

friends would "hell-house"—basically, squat in the deserted apartments and practice there.

Karl was an active part of the Salt Lake punk scene from about '79-'86. "Gentry [creator of

local band Iceburn], Cache [Rival Schools] and JR [founder of SLUG] were all really young kids then," he laughs. He was "tremendously influenced" by a Salt Lake 80s punk band named The Boards: "They influenced me to this day ... I influenced the scene and vice versa," he says.

After The Massacre Guys, Karl sang in The Bad Yodelers and played in Pravda. He also, surprise, surprise, played in the pit orchestra for the SLAC production of Little Shop of Horrors, where he and Stephen practiced after hours. Their break came when they were up in Idaho touring and a Boise punk band, S.O.C., who had just lost their bass player, let Karl come on board when they heard him play. It was through S.O.C. that he met Billy, the founder and drummer of The Descendants.

The Descendants had only been playing for a month when they opened for The Dead Kennedys at the SLC Indian Center in 1983. Since then, The Descendants become one of the most influential punk bands of all time. "We were one of the only punk bands doing interesting bass stuff besides The Minutemen and The Dicks," says Karl.

Last Year, The Descendants played the Redding Fest in England to over 60,000 fans. "The crowd was like one huge mass. I felt like Freddy Mercury," says Karl.

IEREMY CHATELIAN Bassist, Jets to Brazil (1997-present)

Jeremy grew up in Holladay and lived in Salt Lake until he was about 23. He was obsessed with the radio growing up. "I listened to taped shows, Casey Casem and Led Zeppelin," he says.

When Jeremy was 15 she bought him his first electric guitar.

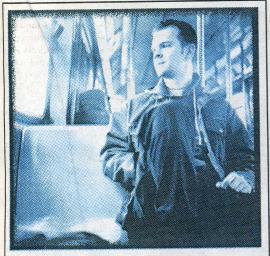
The first band he was in was called "Surrender Dorothy" (Wizard of Oz reference) along with friends Pat Young and Mark, and they played their first show at a club called Alice's (formerly 342 S. State). Their name changed to "Past Tense" and went through lots of bassists. Then Mark and Jeremy formed "Insight," which was together for almost four years, went on tour and released a 7," but 'could never stir up enough interest." Then Jeremy joined Iceburn.

"The initial Iceburn was me, Chubba, Gentry, Jaime and Doug, but Gentry was always the mastermind," says Jeremy. "It was really, really intense. Then the jazz started going over my head. I wanted to play harder stuff and eventually left."

He was then in local bands Ratchet and Lumberjack, which just "wasn't happenin'," and then formed Myrrh with Pat Young, who was meanwhile involved with Train of Thought and The Stench.

The two finally moved to New York together in 1993 and formed Handsome two weeks after arriving, which was signed to Epic Records for three years. It wasn't a very pleasant experience for Jeremy, though.

"I was very, very naive when I first moved out to New York. It was a rude awakening.



Jeremy in NYC

Being signed to a major record label was like a dream come true; yet I was in actuality so far from 'making it,' so far from being happy," he says. "I was part of a band that was a machine ... The [record label] loses interest in you very quickly if you don't make a lot of money."

After Handsome broke up, Blake Shwart, the ex-singer of Jawbreaker and Jeremy joined up, which turned out to be Jets to Brazil.

"It's the happiest I've ever been in a band—it's very inspiring. The label is very supportive, it's a better musical community." he says.

Jeremy is currently releasing the countrypop-bluesy *Cub Country*, his first solo effort. He named it after the Boy Scout camp located in Millcreek Canyon.

CACHE TOLMAN Rival Schools (2000-present)

"Utah Slim," teasingly announced one of Cache's bandmates on-stage at Brick's on Nov.

Cache Toleman recently moved BACK to SLC.

17th during a slip-up, using his popular nickname. "You know Cache is from Salt Lake, right?" he declared to the crowd, getting a huge cheer in return.

When asked if he feels nostalgic playing Salt Lake, Cache says, "Well, I have a lot of friends here, I come back here all the time, so not really. It's always cool playing here."

Cache was twelve years old when he attended his first show at *The Word* (now Positively 4th Street) and fourteen years old when he played his first show. He was a skater kid, "really into thrash," got into music that way and through a family he was close to that had tons of musical instruments.

The two major bands Cache was a part of were Iceburn—for six years—and Lion Dub

Station, which is still together. (Damned if Iceburn isn't every Salt Lake musician's boot camp). He played at old Salt Lake clubs the *Speedway*, *Club Stars* and *The Pompodour*.

Russel Daniels, a local photographer who knew Cache since high school and roomed with Cache in New York off and on, says that he is "an amazing guitar player, but not only technically—he has a real feel for it.

"Cache had a big influence in the local music scene. Through **Iceburn** especially, he had an influence on avante garde projects; he influenced a lot of kids."

Cache says, "I loved Iceburn; it was so improvisational and helped me break out and taught me to always move forward and not to remain stagnant."

After Iceburn, Cache lived in L.A. and then New York, where he worked hard to build connections with local N.Y. musicians, finally helping to form Rival

Schools in 2000. He just moved back to Salt Lake City a couple months

So there you have it. Four living examples of Salt Lake musicians who didn't stagnate, who fought out of the bowl and have become well- known on some level in the national music scene. I'm sure you'll want to pick their brain, ask them how they pulled it off, see what they really think about SLC, but don't worry, SLUG did the asking for you. Here's some advice, observations and just a touch of reminiscing from Cache, Jeremy and Karl with a sprinkling of comments from Russel Daniels, 80s Prong veteran Mike Kirkland and former J. Majesty drummer Jaimison Wilson (see sidebar).

What is unique about the Salt Lake music scene?

Karl: I guess you could say two things: Salt Lake's conservative atmosphere, the oppression, gives you something to rebel against; and also, many kids here are raised on music. Also, each of Salt Lake's bands has an original sound. In southern California, there are tons of bands, but they're only covering three or four sounds, mostly different styles of punk rock.

Jeremy: Every place is unique. I guess in Salt

MIKE KIRKLAND

Bassist, Prong ('85-'95)

Although **Prong** no longer exists, they are well worth mentioning, boys and girls. Easily one of the most well-known bands to claim Salt Lake natives, Prong, a 3-piece, was actually started in New York City. Mike Kirkland, the bassist, grew up in Davis County, Salt Lake City. He was into local band **The Boards** and also visited the *Roxie* just like Karl Alvarez (All)—in fact, he just recently put out a CD by The Boards on his Internet record label, SoundCo (www.soundco.com).

Kirkland grew up listening to the Stooges and he incorporated their sound into his first Salt Lake bands, Nightmare in Wax and the G Men.

Prong formed shortly after he and a friend moved to New York with the help of New York-transplant KRCL DJ Susan Brown. They were signed to 7 Studios in London for their first year and then to CBS, which became Sony a year later. Prong was very popular in England and Germany, had the pleasure of playing the HammerSmith Odium and also toured extensively in Europe and the States with Faith No More, Soundgarden and Pantera. At first happy with Prong's "arty hardcore sound," Kirkland grew somewhat disillusioned after the band started catching the late 80s metal craze. He broke from the band ten years ago, and Prong itself dissolved five years ago. "I don't consider Prong much of a success," says Kirkland.



Mike Kirkland in his metal days; currently he owns Soundco Records

JAIMISON WILSON

Drummer, J. Majesty

Jaimison grew up in Salt Lake City and started playing about six years ago in the local band Skyscraper (or Sleeping Pilot). When his friends Jeff Johnson and Jim Kimball moved to New York, Jaimison moved to Boise and played with The Tree People, but one year later, he followed in his friends' footsteps and moved to New York also. A band there, Ampersand, needed a singer and Jaimison obliged, meeting a guy named Spanky in the process. Spanky, Jaimison and Dale Miller then formed J. Majesty and were shortly thereafter signed to Some Records, owned by Walter Schriffels of Quicksand and Sammy Siegler of CIV. J. Majesty opened for Jets to Brazil on a West coast tour, and they're still together and touring as we speak—although Jaimison left J. Majesty to



Jaimison Wilson smokes

come back, like Cache did, to Salt Lake City. His favorite local bands? The Hot Rocks and Triggerlocks, if you were wondering. Jaimison is currently the lead singer for local wonders J.W. Blackout.

•1979 SLC punk band Modern Hygiene's Steve MacCallistar later became the sound guy for Corrosion of Conformity

• Ricky Phillips played bass with locals Nasty Habit and later played bass with Bad English and The Babies

•In 1989 JR Ruppel started SLUG magazine. He ran this rag until joining the Jack Mormons in 1995. The band currently lives in Portland, OR.

• Charlee Johnson is a Salt Lake native and now plays in Halfcocked

• Sunshine is a Salt Lake native who works

at Hot Topic, but who moved out to Boston for a while and was in a well-known East-coast band called 3 1/2 Girls.

• Johnny Lightfoot, a local musician who works at MARS, toured with Air Supply as their bassist.

• Provo band Sunfall Festival won a coveted 1st-place contest prize of a \$250,000 recording contract from garage-band.com earlier this year.

• Matt Mateus was the lead singer of local SL band Stella Brass, and is now heavily involved with a couple well-known European indie labels.

 On a mainstream level, Utah produced The Jets and The Osmonds, and Poe and Stevie Nicks both went to highschool in Provo.

• The Red Bennies just released their 2nd full-length CD on San-Francisco-based label *Vaccination Records*.

This is not a comprehensive compilation! If we have-missed anyone, please give the SLUG offices a call at 487-9221 or e-mail us at you_fucked_up@slugmag.com

Lake it's that people were very close, it was very creative and people switched bands a lot and were very hungry to play music. I learned that I could do a lot of different things; there was a lot of free learning. In New York it was harder, I found myself in a band I didn't agree with musically.

Jaimison: There are so many great bands here. In New York, it was a very fragmented scene. I mean, there were hundreds of different cliques. Here, it's not true. There's a lot more unity.

How has the Salt Lake music scene changed since the mid-80s-early 90s, when you were a part of it?

Russel: The music scene used to be a lot more unified. There's no support now, support has changed a lot—there's a lot of apathy now.

Mike: It's still the same, it hasn't changed much. The thing that has changed is actually having a scene. The radio was standard fare back in the early 80s, there was no SLUG, the scene was just made up of a group of unique people who just kind of found each other.

Jeremy: The clubs are still the same. I don't think *Club DV8* [since before their remodeling] was cleaned since I first went there in '87. When Jets to Brazil played there this year, I was pretty frightened.

Jaimison: There's not as much commitment to a band that there was in the past.

Do you think it is necessary to move from a city like Salt Lake in order to become well-known in the national scene?

Jeremy: It depends on everyone's own experience. I had extinguished my possibilities in Salt Lake. I wasn't leaving to New York to form a band and try to "make" it—I was going to college. The band part just happened. However, I did learn twice as much [about the music world] out in New York over seven years than I did in Salt Lake City. Cache: Well, you make outside con-

Cache: Well, you make outside connections . . . outside!

Karl: I was one of the guys that never really wanted to leave. It's less true now that you have to move



"Utalı Slim" w/ Rival Schools @ Bricks 11/17/01

out of Salt Lake City. It's less dependent on geography because web sites make getting the word out easier.

out easier.

Russell: Right
now, it's probably best to
move out. It's a
tough market.
Cache and
Jeremy busted
their asses off
for years and
finally realized

they had to move to progress. It's hard to make it in Salt Lake because of a combination of the national scene ignoring Salt Lake and also that Salt Lake is a limited market.

Mike: I think it's necessary to leave Salt Lake. Other towns you don't need to, but not Salt Lake. On the other hand, if you want to write good songs and perform, it's a good place to start. It's easy to live here, to get a part-time job and still be able to pay the bills and have a lot of time to write music.

Jaimison: I don't think you have to move. You just have to have commitment to the band and make it your first priority.

What advice do you have for musicians who are trying to move beyond Salt Lake?

Karl: You have to tour. You have to tour like a bastard. It seemed like the recipe for Salt Lake bands back in the day was that a band would form, they'd have practices and gigs and inside of six months they'd have a following. Then they would spend the next two years playing home, and the problem is, they wouldn't tour. Inside of four years they would break up. I saw it happen again and again.

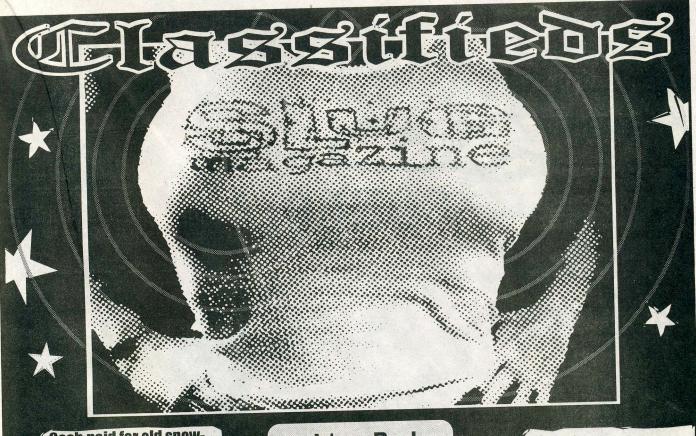
Also, practice like crazy, communicate with your other band members. Trust yourself, trust your personality. Stay away from major drug abuse, because that can just destroy a band—it really waters down your impact and I've seen it ruin a lot of people. Be organized and disciplined. The pride of punk is that we weren't sloppy and lazy like hippies, we were focused, more energetic. Make it happen. You have to push. Be focused, know what you want. Make clear goals and follow up on them.

Jaimison: It's a lot of work. It takes three to five guys all on the same level of commitment. Also, go to each other's shows.

Russel: Work your Ass off.

Meanwhile, as the national market turns a blind eye to what's going on in Salt Lake City, we'll continue to trickle over to their territory, slowly, like honey, but surely. Once awareness is raised that Salt Lake is a hot-bed for original, creative, daring music and not just a trap for hapless musicians, the national music scene might just be coming to us.

Missed anyone? Please give the SLUG offices a call at 487-9221 or e-mail us at you_fucked_up@slugmag.com



Cash paid for old snowboards/skateboards/ magazines the older the better 801.273.7340 It's a Boy! Congratulations Phil and Leah!

Happy Birthday, STAN From X-96! 12/15 Thanks for all that you do for SLUG! Skint, please call terrance

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with your host Kevlar7

Let me start off this month by saying that there is not much happening in the way of shows. But, the ones that are happening are pretty damn good. Also, since It's almost time to say good bye to 2001 and greet a new year, the dreaded Olympic menace year of 2002, I felt that it would be appropriate to list the best ten shows of last year before going into the usual concert previews. These top ten best of the best are by far the shows that y'all should have been at. If you

weren't, then what kind of Kevlar7 fan are you? Anyway, here they are starting from the bottom to the top of numero uno. #10) Deadbolt, Al Foul and the Shakes, Unlucky Boys : Burt's Tiki Lounge #9) The Candy Snatchers, The Hellbenders: Kilby Court #8) The

12th • kilby court Bellrays: Zephyr Club #7) Rocket 350. Unlucky Boys: Burt's #6) Shiner, Glory For Champions: Kilby #5) Face To Face, Snapcase, H2O, The Explosion: State Fairpark #4) Summer Tiki Nationals, feat. Luck of the Draw, Uncle Tiki, Doublewide, Unlucky Boys: Burt's #3) Southern Culture On The Skids, Slim Cessna's Auto Club: Liquid Joes #2) Supersuckers, The Hangmen, Thunderfist: Liquid Joes #1) Rocket From The Crypt, The (International) Noise Conspiracy, The Explosion : DV8.

So that's the list. If you agree with the top ten, disagree, or feel that I should have

included something, send me an E-mail at Kevlar7@hotmail.com and let me know. Or send naked pictures of your sexy

> for Playstation2). Well. here you go kiddies, the low down for December.

have the return of Rilo Kiley at Kilby mathematic

rock and should be checked out by fans of good music, or people who are sick to death of the current popular radio music scene.

on the 6th. Call and Response are incredible indiepop band from San Francisco worth checking out. Opening are locals the Items, a band that is not quite punk, not quite new wave; but somewhere in between.

The 7th has Saves the Day and Hey Mercedes at Xscape, (formally DV8). Saves the Day will please those people who dig Emo-rock. Fans of Dashboard Confessional, Sensefield, and Elliot will not want to miss.

lead singer for the rockabilly outfit Road Kings who happened to open for Mike Ness a year ago. Mister Dayton has mighty damn fine voice and his solo

records are chock full of engaging traditional honky-tonk and country that is neither popcountry or part of the ridiculous hat-bands that claim to be country music these days.

Another not to miss show for the month is the return of Clutch on the 12th at Xscape. Clutch is a band that blends southern fried stoner

rock with a funky iam Lead vocalist Neil Fallon growls and barks abusive rhymes and anthems that would both terrify and destroy what little musical senses hippies and numetal hip-hop boys have. Opening is Biohazard and Canderia; both are destructive bands that meld different styles of music for

a volatile mix of sensual punishment.

The 12th also features Gravity Kills at the Zephyr Club. This band is one of those groups that found successful radio airplay and decent record sales after the whole industrial-Nine Inch Nails genre exploded. Since then, the band has found a new label and has put out a new

record. Also on the bill is Pigface, who is an industrial supergroup, formed by Martin Atkins and is an interesting display of beautiful noise and chaos, these guys are not to be missed as they destroy any preconceived notions of musical structure.

Local music supergroup on the 14th at O'Shucks for a good cause. The Irrevend Zach Parrish and his Congregation want you to bring canned food to their performance so it can be donated to a worthy charity. This band is made

up of members of other local bands and is fronted by one of the best blues musicians to come out of this state Ever

Also, on the 15th is a festival that every greaser and rockabilly kid who loves old tricked out cars should attend. At the Wendover Raceway is the Rat Fink Reunion, in honor of hot rod revolutionary Ed Roth. On the web page, the cars displayed from past reunions sent this rock journalists drooling. Old Chevys and Fords with pinstriping galore taking up positions on the drag strip to burn rubber and feed that need for speed for all us rat rod enthusiasts. Musical artists will also be featured, including Salt Lake's own Ridge Runners.

Cosmic surf band Man or Astro Man?, do they love Salt Lake? I think they do, because they come to play here quite frequently, not that I'm complaining. These guys always put on one hell of a wild and crazy show that will always be

at the front of your memory for months, even years after the band leaves the stage and departs Utah. Check them out at Liquid Joe's on the

Also on the 17th, is the return of Hot Water Music with openers at American Steel at Xscape. This band is truly amazing, and if y'all haven't seen this

incredible indie band, then now is the time to get up off your butts and see a band that has a tight jazz bass and drummer layered over with grinding duel guitars. Think Fugazi style competing vocals and the apparent musical artistic genius of this Gainesville, Florida band becomes apparent.

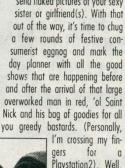
Prepare thy self for the best show of the month, when Jimmy Eat World finally returns to Utah after a lengthy hiatus at Xscape on the 19th. Unfortunately, this show sold out fast, due to X-96 selling tickets for cheep and their saturation of their new radio hits. So, if you were able to get tick-

ets, then have fun. And

for those who didn't get them, better luck next

Power punk purists will want to attend the double performance of Strung Out. The first night is at Bricks on the 27th, with locals The Kill opening. The second night is at the Saltair Pavilion with humor-punk band Guttermouth on the 28th. So get the Mohawk up, safety pins thru the nose, and make sure that mommy picks you up at a certain time.

If that's not enough power punk to satify the







Another killer indie show at Kilby Court



12th • X-scape

small brown bike

need for snotty anthems, then there is the duel shows of Guttermouth. The fist night is at the Saltair Pavilion with Strung Out on the 28th, and then they will be at Bricks with one of my favorite Warped Tour alumni's The Line, on the 29th.

And finally, on party to celebrate the ringing in of the New Year, on the 31st, First Night Celebration will feature some of the best of our local scene. Surprisingly, the promoters of this 2002 party

have decided to put some real party and musically—superior bands on their bill. So I have to †ake my hat off to these organizers for having the guts to put Hudson River School, an emo-style band off of local label Braeburn Records, on the Galivan Center stage. Novo Paradiso, an manic

jazz and jump swing with assorted weirdness thrown in, at Capitol Theatre. And supposedly, on the Main Street stage will be the drunken psychobilly mayhem of Provo's own The Unlucky Boys. Also, the motor-punk fury of Thunderfist, and the art-rock bombast of Erosion, again on the Main Stage. Also, look for a band called System; should be promising. And as if the First Night party wasn't enough, or you crave some REAL country music/honkytonk there is the drive up to Ogden's Egyptian Theatre to see the mighty Merle Haggard on the 31st and the 1st. This original bad boy of honky-tonk will show all the hicks in this state what traditional music is really all about. And it's not Garth Brooks bullshit. Amen!

So, these will be the perfect ending to a crazy and wonderful year that saw many things come to pass.

Be it the loosening of Liquor laws, to terrorist attacks, or school stress, and finally the top ten shows; this year has left its imprint on the minds and souls of all of us young and stubborn Utahns and Americans who look forward to the new year of Olympic car jams, lost parking spots for Olympic for Olympic for

officials who insist us students should, "just take the bus", to snobby foreigners, and protests that will bring anarchy and chaos the likesof which this city has never seen before. Just remember this kids, when it comes to hoset great Olympic sports, "Rich man games, on poor man wages."

Until next month.



29th • Bricks

In November, Utah's New Rock
102.3 the Blaze gave away
hundreds of tickets and
backstage passes to:
Gravity Kills, POD, Linkin Park, Weezer,
U2, No Doubt, the Start, Funk Junkies,
and Jazz tickets to every home game.
In December the winning
continues, listen for your
chance to win a 2002 CHEVY
TRAILBLATER! on Utah's New
Rock 102.3 the Blaze
UTANTS NEW ROCK
The

GALLERY STROLL

WITH MIRIAH MANN

It's here, the busiest time of the year. Time to deal with the hustle and bustle of holiday shoppers. Be careful while at the drunken Christmas parties and try not to say something obscene to your boss. Most Importantly, take some time off for yourself and for art. The local galleries and artists have put together an early Christmas show for the holiday season. This stroll will replace the regular stroll on the third Friday of the month and will be held on Dec. 7th. It will be cold so grab yourself a hot tottie and your wallet. You might also find something for the person that has everything or at the very least yourself!

The Art Barn Finch Lane Gallery located in Reservoir Park, will be hosting dozens of local artist and their gift giving ideas. In every material and style from ceramics and clothing to ornaments and kitchenware you can find a distinct present for anyone. Such as Cathy Cartwright's fused glass art or Dian Mathis hand-pointed fabric pillows and scarves. The Holiday Craft Exhibit and Sale will run from November 30th until December 16th with the Gallery Stroll reception on December 7th from 6:00pm to 9:00pm. For more information Call (801)596-5000

Art Access Gallery located at 339 West Peirpont Avenue, will feature their Holiday group exhibit including artist Jason Jones oil on canvas paintings and April Motley's kaleidoscopes. Not to mention Eric Empey, Sam Wilson, Joe Bennion, Rebecca and Kurt Knudsen and many more! Artist Bri Matheson was invited to decorate the tree this year. This show will be on display until December 20th. The reception will be held Friday December 7th with Special Saturday hours for the holiday from 10am to 3pm until December 16th.

Utrecht Art Supply located on 2100 South and 1025 East will be hosting a show for water color artist Yevgeniy Zolotsev. Yevgeniy comes highly recommended and his works have been referred to as benign! Also on display, Diane Haas a local artist specializing in ceramics. Diane has great arraments for every holiday! If you want a truly unique tree check out Diane's work at either Utrecht Art Supply Show or the Holiday Craft Exhibit and Sale at the Art Barn.

Walk of Shame Studio at 351 West Pierpont Avenue is celebrating their first anniversary. This art studio turned Gallery on Stroll has been such a great addition to our community. Whether an artist has ever had a show before or has not is of no concern to these gentlemen. They want to give artists a chance to be seen. Artist Eric Delphinic, Alex Ferguson and Derek Mellus work as a great team for the greater good of bringing the art to the people. Their personal work will be on display Friday, December 7th from 6pm to 9pm and on Saturday, December 8th from 11am to 3pm.

Phillips Gallery, located at 444 East 200 South will have a holiday show highlighting new works from over 100 in house artists. Most of the artists are local. Phillips is always a treat to visit. With such a variety of artists there is something for everyone.

The University of Utah is having the Mini-Print 2001 Exchange and Sale. This Show and Sale will take place in the Union Building near the information desk on December 3rd through December 6th. The prints are by students of the printmaking program, faculty of the department, graduate students and alumni. All prints are \$16 and the proceeds go towards the printshop and the students. This show will also take place from December 10th through the 13th 10am to 5pm. At the Gittins Gallery, located in the Department of Art and Art History building in conjunction with the Ceramic Departments Annual Sale.

Kilby Court, around 7th South and just West of 3rd West. A place for impressive music and local artists of every kind. A show called Negative space will feature local artists. Due to the musical venue there will be a charae depending on the night's roster. This show will hang from December 27th through December 30th.

JEDI for Women presents its First Annual Open House. This holiday, the art gallery will feature local artists: Sister Maryam, Dawn Bluford, Mary-Colmenero, Ruby Chacon, and Karen Brinkerhoff. Distinctive African American Art 161 East 300 South in Salt Lake City

As always this is not a complete list. There is art happening everywhere! If you would like to give me and the readers of SLUG a heads up, it would be greatly appreciated. You can email me at mariahm@worldstrides.com SUPPORT LOCAL ART!





www.koipiercing.com



OLD SCHOOL COMEBACK By Gared Moses Photo: JR Ujifusa

As a boy, my friends and I would ride our dirt bikes through the suburban streets of West Valley City, periodically dropping in at whomever's home had no parental guardian present. This way we could get into mischief without being bothered by simple-minded adults. One of my friends had a pool table and a back yard that had been, over the years, adapted into a mystical play land. Another friend always had a freezer full of popsicles. But one house always stuck out. This friend had something far more interesting then trampolines and crab apples to throw at cars. His brother was a local rock star.

The **Decomposers** were the only band we knew of in Salt Lake and we thought they were the shit. Aaron Anderson was the lead singer, and he was the one *we* knew. We felt privileged to know him and continuously listened to their recordings.

As we reached adulthood, the band went through changes and eventually split up. But we still had them in our memories. They were our role models.

Some of us spent the following years making our way through the local music scene, finding out that these guys had stamped their mark far beyond our impressionable minds. They were local legends. And, of course, they never quit playing.

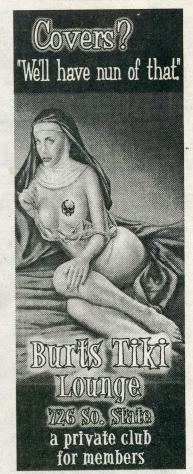
Six months ago Aaron, Kelly Mounteer, Jeff Johnson, and guitarist Johnny Bend re-emerged together as The Sore Losers. All are former members of the Decomposers except Johnny, who played with Anger Overload from '89 to '94. Jeff (drums) also played with Anger Overload along with Endless Struggle in more recent years.

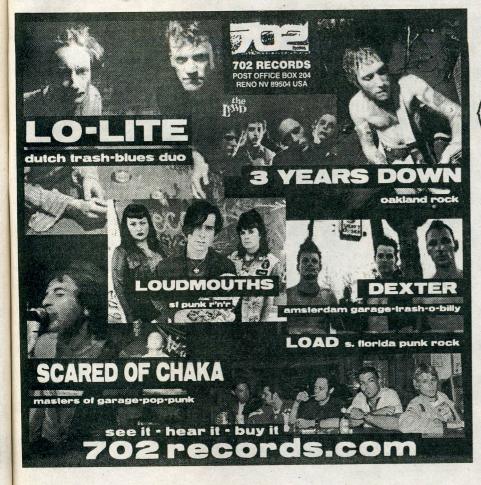
From The Sore Losers' first show in May at Todd's Bar to a recent tour up north through Butte, Montana, their seasoned professionalism and stage presence seems to win the appeal of even the most skeptical crowds. They say they're really just interested in entertaining people. "I have no hesitation describing our music as unpretentious," Aaron explained in an effort to state the diversity of their song writing. "We're not as influenced by the scene now. We have other responsibilities as well."

Heartbreakin' is the title and theme of their newly recorded CD. With the first track taking you into an upbeat, Pixie style guitar ride, then changing course to a mellow Alison (track #2), this album consistently steers the listener in a new direction of musical impact. The well written lyrics are successfully expressed through Aaron's distinct vocal style, reflecting the bands rough times and experiences of the past.

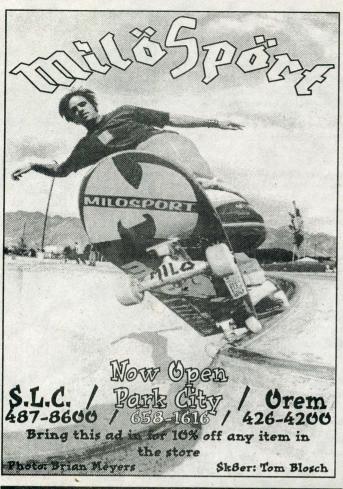
The Sore Losers are scheduled to play at Todd's Bar (1051 So. 300 W.) on Sunday, December 23rd with the Washington Generals and another band TBA (likely the Hot Rocks). This is a yearly tradition, which will serve as a reunion for all the old members of the Decomposers to play with their current bands on the same stage, on the same night. They will be selling copies of *Heartbreakin'* for around \$5.

To contact them or subscribe to their email list, send a note to thesorelosers@hotmail.com.











Hey, kiddies, welcome back to the hottest new smash sensation. I've been hearing how all of you are trying desperately to unravel the mystery of Jane Dope. Everyone's wondering who I am and where I get my info. I've decided to give a few clues as to how to know if I'm around. I'm always the prettiest girl there, always alone and always on the prowl. I have a hunch that the reason this column has been such a rage is because all of our darling local primadonnas love to

see their names in print. I must say, however that I was a bit miffed with the utter lack response. I received no letters or e-mails refuting my claims, so I'm assuming that all those rumors are rooted in truth. Lisa Simpson once said that it is irresponsible to present rumors as facts, but what does that little bitch know! Having said that, let's get down to the dirty with the juiciest dish we've heard so far...

Smells Like

Fish: Jeremy
Cardenas, front man of

Thunderfist, and Matt Hill, from The Items have been spotted frequenting Club Zippers (The gay bar!) on Saturday nights. Jeremy was even seen dancing with his shirt off. Hey, no fair! I always get 86'd for that.

Don't worry, they're probably just trying to raise their fashion sensibilities.

Is That A Hair In My Drink?: Apparently the West Valley hair metal flame is alive and well here in the city of salt. Late 80's/early 90's throwbacks, Antix, have released a new CD and video!? Ouch. I have no other info. If you can clue me in on this, I'd love to trade a hand job for details. Some people never learn.

You Didn't Hear It From Me: Local community radio darlings, the Triggerlocks, have a new CD out. Tune in to KRCL 91FM during mornings and drive-time and you're bound to hear some tracks. They don't really blow my skirt up. The Downers, a 5 piece feat. a kick ass girl drummer and Mike Snider of Kilby Ct., also have released a new CD which received accolades in that other local lifestyle publication. Porn ravers, Nurse Sherri, are host-

ing a release party on Saturday, December 15th at Burp's. Their new drummer used to bang membranes for **The Potato Heads**, who were a punk band here in ancient times. Be there or be somewhere else. And finally, that chick that used to scream for **Tommy Gun Killers** has reportedly vaporized. I told her to eat a cracker or *something!* On another bummer note, **Office Party** played their last show this month.

It's Not You-It's Me: When

HE RECORD

LOCAL GOSSII

by Jane Dope

you're liable to get crabs. Terrence of Magstatic must be trying to change his image by inviting bad boy, Garry Ventura (The Revelators, Feds) to take up residence on the skins. Purportedly this dude is currently banned from the Dead Goat's stage for pissing on said stage!? Please, no more details.

you lie with dogs

Still Friends?:

Please join me kids in welcoming back to our little pond the following refugees. Matt Mateus,

alumni of the brutally resplendent Stella Brass has recently returned from New York. Speaking of washed up castaways, does anyone know what became of Joshua Payne? The former bassist of Code 9 (Jason/ Swamp Donkeys) Rez is back and supposedly looking for more trouble to become a part of. I remember when he was in Bloodfish and I used to think that he was cute. My bad! Boy, all this dust is choking me.

Well, kiddies, that's it, I can't take anymore. I've got to get out of these panties. Plus I got stockings to stuff and candycanes to cram. How was it for you? Did I take anything out of context? Did I leave anything out? Want to read your name in print? Feel free to let me know what you think. And I'll feel secure letting you know that I could truly give a fuck less! Please remember that we're not out to scandalize Have a jolly Holly, I know Im going to.

Love, jane

Bodhisattva.continued from page 21

flow of the Tao without any bearings

Another result was John's complete ignorance of Tibetan customs. Other members of the tour knew to respond to smiling strangers who stuck out their tongues by saying, "tashi delay!" meaning hello. Whereas John scowled, remembering the brats who'd set the dogs on him. Once, instead of circumambulating a stupa (or as Mary, a quintessential Hoosier in John's estimate, irritatingly mispronounced it, "stupor") clockwise in the Buddhist manner, he set off counterclockwise, only to be roughly turned around by a tall gruff monk

You've met your first Kamba," laughed Kesong when the indignant Taoist told him what happened "Kambas are a very fierce people from Kam Province. You can recognize them by their height, red headdresses, and long daggers. They make good bandits and better monks!"

Still, the pervasive Buddhist atmosphere of Tibet and its people moved John. He found it a stark contrast to the secular, materialistic individualism of his homeland. When Kesong told the group as they were finally touring the Potala, palace of the Dalai Lamas, that Tibet had been a theocracy before the Chinese invasion, John, besotted with the un-American nov-elty of homogeneity, exclaimed, "That must have

"Yeah, just like Utah," joked Bill, the

Arizona agnostic.
"Or Afghanistan," the liberated Sally

added caustically

Jerks, thought John. But he said nothing. Instead he wandered away from his obnoxious compatriots and sulked in front of a golden statue of Avalokiteshvara, the bodhisattva of compassion, until the group was ready to leave.

The next day was their last day in Tibet and the travelers' first and only free day. Everybody spent it simultaneously circumambulating the Jokhang Temple in the center of Lhasa and shopping for souvenirs in the Bargor bazaar that surrounded it. Unlike the others, who might as well have been at a mall for his money, John made the rounds in order to accrue good karma and pick up a prayer wheel for under five bucks

As he strolled past stalls that sold watches, tee shirts, sneakers, cd players, etc. - each shop crowded with haggling locals, John saw his second Kamba. He was a big man with a big dagger, leading a little girl, obviously his daughter, by the hand, an incongruously sweet sight. But the child lagged and whined, pointing at a display of cheap plastic Chinese toys. Before John could finish his thought on the corrupting influence of the conquerors' material goods and the gentle influence of Buddhism on so fierce a father, the man fetched the girl with a smack upside her head that laid her flat on the ground, effectively

silencing her fussing.

Pegging the Kamba as the kind who was a good bandit, John aborted his circular journey and headed for the large public square in front of the Jokhang. Shocked by the rough parental discipline he's just witnessed, his legs shook and he wanted very badly to sit down. Since benches could only be found in the Chinese neighborhoods and parks of Lhasa, he had to make do with sitting on the low wall of the square's fountain. It was crowded with pilgrims who'd come to worship at the Jokang, but one woman; her hair plaited in one hundred eight sacred braids, took pity on the stranger and let him have her seat.

'Ah mar ri cun?" she asked

"Yes," John nodded, although he was ashamed to admit it to this surely spiritual superior.
"U S A...U S A!" she chanted enthusiastically,

grinning from ear to ear, "Num bu one, num bu one!"

Startlingly, her chant was echoed by many voices. John looked around, incredulous, but it was only the other members of his tour returned from the bazaar, the men's arms laden with packages, the ladies' necks bedecked with turquoise necklaces. They gathered around him, showing off their booty like kids on Christmas morning. John, disgusted, remained impassive. The nearby Tibetans, however, oohed and ahhed appreciatively at such bargains and more than one swap was made between the two nationalities

It was awful, these pure, simple, good people being perverted into consumers by five minutes of contact with Americans! John stood up to leave. Gazing across the square, he looked for the tour bus. All he spied was Kesong and Miss Fong sharing an ice cream cone in front of a Chinese owned shop. Annoyed by the romantic vignette, John quickly looked the other way and saw a knot of Tibetans surging strangely along. The crowd was excited, shouting and waving their fists in the air.

Was it a demonstration against the Chinese, he wondered? Ha! That would put a stop to those lovebirds! But, as the crowd turned his way, John saw that a ragged beggar was spastically running ahead of them. To his horror, he realized that the crowd was stoning the unfor-

tunate fellow

Careening crazily like a train leaving its tracks, the mob came within thirty feet of the fountain and the other Americans turned to see the commotion. At this proximity, they could plainly see that the beggar had the distorted features of someone mentally retarded. The poor thing was screaming rabidly as cobblestones rained down on his head and back.

'Oh my God! Somebody stop them!" exclaimed

Ann, clutching Bill's arm.

Where's the police station?" demanded Deena while Al and Bob quickly consulted a street map

'No!" commanded John. "The Chinese are the police. They'll punish those people. Let's find a monk instead. He'll know what to do.

Those people deserve to be punished," Sally

replied heatedly.

You can't impose our values on their culture. They're Buddhists! Their way is more peaceful than ours," angrily argued John while grabbing for the map

"Tell that to the retarded guy, dipshit...if he lives," snarled Bill and he pushed John hard, toppling him

into the fountain's stagnant water.

When he surfaced, John's ears were pierced by the shrill sound of an approaching siren. The mob was scattering, panicked, and he saw Kesong and Miss Fong kneeling beside the bloodied, but still alive, retarded man. An ambulance and a Chinese police jeep were speeding across the square to the rescue. Sitting in the jeep's rear seat was Mary, one hand clutching her rosary.





HO-HO-DIE!



SPV: The New Wave of British Heavy Metal is back, and stronger than ever. I was a huge fan of Saxon's early '80's releases, which included WHEELS OF STEEL, STRONG ARM OF THE LAW and DENIM AND LEATHER. As heavy metal all but tanked in the late '80's and early '90's, I lost touch with the band, but now in 2001 find myself re-discovering Saxon. I find it hard to believe, but quite satisfying that a metal band that released their first album in 1979 could actually still be recording - and, not only just recording, but that the album they record is actually good! Saxon has just released KILLING GROUND, an



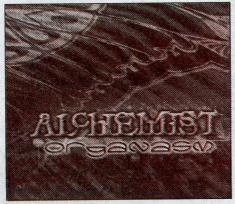
album that lives up to the greatness of the band that recorded it. Original members Paul Quinn and Biff Byford have found a way to update Saxon's sound, while still retaining the classic Saxon feel within the songs. Biff's vocals still sound great, Paul is still a master of the twin guitar attack and the two didn't forget to include their fascination (and re-occurring theme) with various forms of transportation - track 4, "Coming Home". Past songs relating to this topic include "Stallions Of The Highway", "Motorcycle Man", "747 (Strangers In The Night)", "Wheels Of Steel", "Freeway Mad", "20,000 Ft", Princess Of The Night", "Sailing To America", etc.. Another band that has been around seemingly since the beginning of time that is releasing a new album is Kreator. The front cover of VIOLENT REVOLUTION beckons back to COMA OF SOULS era Kreator, and the music contained within would suggest the same. It's official, I was

the only fan of Kreator's last album ENDORMA.

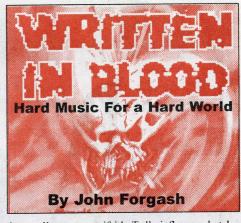
favorite guitarist Tommy Vetterli (ex-Coroner, now ex-Kreator) was in the band for the recording of ENDORMA. The new release is really a mixture of everything that Kreator was throughout the '90's. VIOLENT REVOLUTION mixes the aggression of 1990's COMA OF SOULS, the revamped sound of '92's RENEWAL and the precision of '97's OUTCAST. I've been listening to this band since PLEASURE TO KILL (1986) and I'm not about to stop now!

RELAPSE: The relatively unknown band Alchemist will finally be getting some much deserved exposure outside of their home in Australia. Alchemist, sporting the same line-up since their '93 debut JAR OF KINGDOM, has spent the years honing their sound to perfection. Their latest release ORGANASM has a mixture of sounds and sonic textures. The songs aren't confined to rigid structure or any single style, rather, they often contain a variety of influences held together within a loose but focused framework. At times, Alchemist's layered arrangements almost resemble the plodding of stoner rock with a progrock feel, at other times their music hits extremely hard.

KOCH: I've never been much into the band Godflesh, but I'm liking their new release HYMNS. I seem to remember their music being much more electronically enhanced, especially their last release US AND THEM. The latest



effort from Godflesh is geared more towards a three man, industrial, power-trio approach. Ex-Prong drummer Ted Parsons has stepped in, giving the release a strong, grounded, rhythmic back-

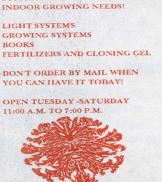


bone. I'm not sure if it's Ted's influence, but I can't get away from how much this reminds me of Prong's 1990 release BEG TO DIFFER. I dunno.... Maybe back then it was a matter of Prong reminding me of Godflesh???

SANCTUARY: With one Chris Degarmo less in the band, Queesryche "rages" on with a double live album recorded during a performance at The Moore Theater in Seattle. The first CD of LIVE EVOLUTION contains all of their early classics dating back to '83's debut EP, including the majority of the ever popular OPERATION MIND-CRIME. CD two begins with tracks from THE PROMISED LAND and the pivotal EMPIRE release through to their latest studio album Q2K.

NECROPOLIS: The year 2000 started out very well for the band In Acternum with the January release of their second album THE PESTILENT PLAGUE. While fans await new material from the band, a best-of has been issued. With In Aeternum originally forming in '92 and their first album (FOREVER BLASPHEMY) not coming out until '98, a lot of "unreleased" material had accrued over the years. In response to this, PAST AND PRESENT SINS has been released. This release contains eight original studio tracks, two covers (King Diamond's "Abigail" and Venom's "Countess Bathory") and four live tracks. The first two studio tracks reveal the death metal force that In Aeternum has evolved into. The remaining studio tracks become progressively more raw as the release moves into the older material. The covers are great and the live tracks are, well, extremely live.





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SUBTERRANEAN SECT

CANDIRIA - 300 PERCENT DENSITY

"In a music world that is totally devoid of originality and any kind of commitment to integrity, Candiria is an artistic, heavy and brutal slap in the face to all of that. They are one of the only bands that keep me from thinking that the bad guys won." - Iann Robinson (MTV News)

See them live Dec. 12 at X-Scape (a private club for members)





MOONSPELL - Darkness And Hope

Once again refining their sound in a more diverse direction, Portugal's premiere metal band, Moonspell have not only continued the maturation seen on each one of their releases so far but have created some of the most organic and heartfelt compositions of their career on Darkness And Hope.

SOILENT GREEN - A DELETED SYMPHONY FOR THE BEATEN DOWN

On tour in Nov. & Dec. with Morbid Angel, Deicide, Exhumed and Zyklon! the incomparable Soilent Green expands on their unique mixture of hard-core, sludge, and swampy metallic blues with A Deleted Symphony for the Beaten Down, taking sheer musical force and commanding vocals to new heights.





VARIOUS ARTISTS - CENTURY MEDIA 10th ANNIVERSARY BOX SET COLLECTION

This black and silver embossed box set features one disc of Eastern Hemisphere bands, one of Western acts and a third disc of rarities and b-sides, many never before available on CD. The collection also contains a 90 page color booklet filled with hundreds of exclusive photos, a complete North American discography and dozens of interviews and essays from the bands and employees that have helped Century Media thrive over the last decade.

DIABOLIC - VENGEANCE ASCENDING

Re-defining the standards of extreme metal. Florida's DIABOLIC return from their "Subterraneal Magnitude" release with "Vengeance Ascending", their most dynamic and brutal release to date. www.olympicrecordings.com





BENEDICTION – ORGANIZED CHAOS

After over 10 years of pummeling death metal fans around the world with their uncompromising brutality, Benediction are prepared to bludgeon your skull once more with their scathing new release, Organized Chaos. The grind bastards are back and ready churn the pit up again with their relentless aural assault.

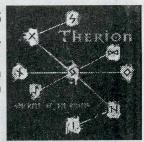
TO DIE FOR- EPILOGUE



As one of the originators and leaders in the burgeoning Finnish gothic rock scene, Epilogue marks the debut of To/Die/For in the U.S. and features guest appearances by Marco Hietala of Sinergy. Packed with catchy, gothic melodies and brooding hooks, Epilogue truly is an album that is to die for!

THERION - SECRET OF THE RUNES

The classically inspired metal masterpiece, Secret Of The Runes, is the latest evolutionary leap in Therion's prolific and genre-defying musical vision. Continuing their tradition of large-scale orchestration, Therion will once again blow listeners minds with this concept album steeped in ancient Nordic and Germanic ancestry.



BLUUU DUSTER

BLOOD DUSTER-CUNT

Expounding on their patented psychorockmenstrualgrindporn sound, Cunt attacks the stupidity of "nu-metal", underground scenesters and PC tightwads while delivering the band's most depraved gridcore to date. In stores Nov. 13!



Dark heartfelt atmospheric metal from Finland.





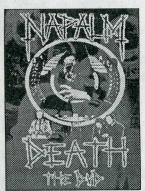
HEAVENLY-SIGN OF THE WINNER

Heavenly launch a new era in melodic metal with this release; a creation of divine music that separates them from all others!

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Contains all 6 promo videos, "Live Corruption - 1990", plus lots of rare never before seen live and interview footage from the early days!















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Perhaps it is fitting to chronicle the music of the Smoke Blues Band at this time in American history. Good American citizens now shout the familiar slogan, "love it or leave it," at other good American citizens. I'm familiar with the slogan from the Vietnam War years; the Smoke Blues Band years. Bald Eagle Moan is the title of the recently released Smoke Blues Band compact disc. The disc is a perfect Christmas gift for fathers, mothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, that old fart at work who never stops talking about the 1960s, and that other guy at work who wears tiedye everyday and who keeps playing Grateful Dead bootlegs. Neo-hippies, original hippies, jam band hordes, black bloc anarchists in town for the Olympics and blues music devotees everywhere will love Bald Eagle Moan.

The publisher of this street zine asked me to explain a little about the Salt Lake City "scene" when Smoke was popular, especially the Terrace Ballroom. Although, according to the liner notes, Smoke didn't play much at the Terrace. As I understand it the Terrace hosted many big band concerts during the 1930s and 1940s. The Terrace most likely featured some rock 'n' roll acts during the 1950s. Contrary to what some uninformed "journalists" around Salt Lake City seem to believe: this was all before my time.

When I came around the Terrace was a spectacular place to view the best of the 1960s. As I described several years ago in another publication Salt Lake City was a "test" market. Promoters sent acts to Salt Lake City to gauge audience reactions, and local bands nearly always opened the shows.

Inside the Terrace entrance was a long sloping ramp. After walking up the ramp the concert patron encountered ticket takers at the door who did not strip-search or use metal detectors. Inside was a large lobby that led to the ballroom. The ballroom had a hardwood dance floor and a section of booths in the rear. The place could probably accommodate 2,000 or 3,000 people. A concession area was located at stage right.

The booths were the place for sex and drugs. It is entirely possible that someone reading this

was conceived in a Terrace Ballroom booth. Along with the rock concerts were country concerts and there was one major difference between rock and country concerts at the Terrace. "Brown bags" were allowed inside for the country concerts and the concession area sold "set-ups." It was bring in your fifth of Jack and order a Coke or ice. "Brown bagging" was not allowed at rock concerts, but who needed alcohol in those days? The Terrace Ballroom was eventually torn down by one of your 2002 Olympic Sponsors, Earl Holding, and the site, about 500 South Main, has remained vacant since.

Besides the Union Ballroom at the University of Utah, the other big venue was the Fairgrounds Coliseum. This building was also eventually destroyed thanks to the farsighted and historically minded officials elected by the clueless masses of Salt Lake City. However, the Coliseum stood longer than the Terrace and concerts continued at the venerable edifice into the 1990s — more people seem familiar with the charm of the building. By the end the Coliseum was a rickety place, filled with ghosts and memories. Believe it or not the Union Ballroom remains virtually unchanged today. Lagoon also hosted many rock concerts, but I never made it to a Lagoon gig because I

BALD EAGLE MOAN SMOKE BLUES BAND

was just a pup and Lagoon was outside my trotting distance. The Smoke Blues Band, according to the liner notes, also played at the Old Mill, a spooky place even in the 1960s and at the Abyssie, a long forgotten club beneath the streets of Salt Lake City.

Smokey Koelsch, a man who knows more about the blues than most anyone locally, a man responsible for bringing blues programming to both KUER and KRCL radio, a man I once had a heated argument with over a scratched Bukka White record (I swear I didn't scratch it Smokey, it was that way when I cracked the shrink wrap) in the basement music department of the Cosmic Aeroplane and the former owner of Smokey's Records wrote the Bald Eagle Moan liner notes. He and the Rev. Willis released the disc on their new record label Bastille Family Records. Smokey does an excellent job with the liner notes which

are as much a Salt Lake City history lesson as they are a Smoke Blues Band history. Band founders Mark Richmond (Guitar) and Richard Cordray (Vocals) traveled to San Francisco during the mid-1960s and discovered Jimmy Reed on the jukebox of the Blue Unicorn coffeehouse. Jimmy Reed's "You Got Me Running" is the first Bald Eagle Moan song. The two met J.C. Burns, a San Francisco blues harpist, and they shared a jug of wine in an alley with the musician. Harmonica features prominently throughout the CD. The duo were already acquainted with folk music and the acoustic blues closely associated with the folk scene of the 1960s. When they returned to Salt Lake City with their newly acquired knowledge and discovered the beginnings of a thriving underground community. Steve Jones and Sherm Clow had opened the original Cosmic Aeroplane in the 9th and 9th area (The shop had moved to 369 West South Temple by the time Smoke used the back rooms as a rehearsal space), radicals were at the U, drugs had invaded — the Smoke Blues Band birthing process began.

For the rest of the history you'll have to read Smokey's liner notes. Bald Eagle Moan music is taken from a professional demo recording done in the summer of 1969 at the ITV studio

on the University of Utah campus, a cassette copy of a reel-to-reel do-it-yourself demo attempt and a live 4-track reel-to-reel recording of a Union Ballroom concert. The Rev. Willis is somewhat disparaging of the last "jam," entitled "Miller Jam," but it's better than what some modern jam bands produce with much better technology and so called "stoner" rock bands can only dream of capturing such fuzz. The band covers big blues names — Hooker, Crudup, Dixon, McDowell, James, Johnson and Williamson — and they toss in a couple of originals. As mentioned previously the harmonica, played by Peter Brandt, is especially noteworthy as are the accents provided by Jack Brady's saxophone and Jerome Mische's piano. Tunes to note are "Fever," highlighted by the sax and "To Much Alcohol," perhaps the best track of the disc as the entire band gets wooly and Brandt gives up his only vocal of the set. That said, the version of Bob Dylan's "Pledging My Time," complete with hazy organ, and the

traditional "Motherless Children" aren't too bad. John Miller (Bass) and Steve Harris (Drums) keep the bottom throbbing throughout.

Obviously individuals interested in the history of Salt Lake City music will snatch up copies of Bald Eagle Moan. From a purely historic perspective the disc is amazing, but everyone involved put a lot of love and work into the project. Herc Ottenheimer's engineering skills, Kurt Schulder's graphic design, the research done by Smokey, the Rev. Willis and Steve Jones, go shop like President George says support the locals! And, Bald Eagle Moan is only available at locally owned and operated stores, you will have to forget the chains and the mall. Visit Randy's Records, Salt City CDs, Ken Sanders Rare Books, or visit Bastille Family Records on the web at http://www.basfam.com and download some mp3s.

LOCAL CD REVIEWS by: Nicholas Fox



Hudson River School, Scenes From a Vinyl Recliner Dishing up a brand of emo/indie pop that is decisively anti-sap á là Dashboard Confessionals (sorry, can't stand 'em), HRS manages to carve a path of earnest originality in a largely stagnant genre with their first professional-sounding CD effort, Scenes From a Vinyl Recliner. HRS's striking sincerity shines through in the particularly beautiful "One Thousand Times:" "Gonna let you

down/Gonna walk away/One thousand times/'Til we fade away." The music thrums with a strangely moving vitality, boldly unifying strong riffs, soaring melodies and surging beats in one listenable package. So, even if indie pop isn't your thing, HRS potentially has the power to hold appeal for wider audiences, proving that yes, you can mix pop with deeper, subtler meaning for a potent end result.



Nurse Sherri, One Hundred Ton

You can't help noticing Nurse Sherri's name the first time you hear it. It's one of the coolest names for a rock band ever. And it's kind of scary in a way, because how could any band's music possibly top a band name like that? Whatever. NS matches up with their name and then some. Blasting One Hundred Ton from your stereo will bring to mind a bit of Cutthroats 9, a bit of good old-fashioned rock-metal, a bit of punk and a bit of Fu Manchu

(notably the vocals). They masterfully blend driving, furious musical expression tuned to a fever pitch with that certain element of coolness in their lyrics and passion that could never be learned, only admired in people for whom it occurs naturally. NS's lyrics range from playful—as in "Coffee:" "Juan Valdez . . . He sowed the beans for me and you/Go Coffee go"—to almost socio-political: "Bob/Wound up in a situation/Victim of false evidence." But what would really be cool is a local showdown between Nurse Sherri and Hospital Food—then the needles and bed pans would really be a' flyin.'



The Triggerlocks blend a wide variety of influences in their latest album, Gold @ Anything, from the balladic, southern-rock-sounding "Idahome" to the almost bouncy, indie-rock overtones of "Loaded Gun." Overall, though, I would file their sound away under "alt-country." And yeah, I know that rock music is just too damn hard to describe anymore, and now country is following suit, but "alt-

country" really is a good way to describe their music. At once poppy and catchy, the gentle jangling in the background and old familiar lyrics of love lost and the simple life paint a visual background of Confederate flags, "Free Bird," classic rock and dogs on wide front southern porches. Pick up the latest Triggerlocks album, pour yourself a glass of old-fashioned homemade lemonade, and play "Virginia, Oh!" over and over again: believe me, it's worth the time to listen to.



The first time you listen to Stealing Candy you'll think you're listening to a national band—their brand of raw, sexy rock isn't much found in these here parts. Declaring that the band was originally inspired by "cheap beer and Wild Turkey," Stealing Candy definitely masters a classic rock our feel—they're kind of like Black Sabbath minus the crosses and Wiccan references (especially "River

Bottom Betty"). At times they muster an almost eerie degree of lyrical authority, especially in the Bowie-esque secret 8th track: "If medals go to heroes, then trophies go to fools." So where has Stealing Candy been all your life? I don't know, but they live in Salt Lake City, so find out who they are and tell them that they better play more live shows or we'll, . . uh, be really mad.

If you're a local Utah band and you'd like your CD reviewed by Nick, send yer latest along with a bio, picture and contact info. to: SLUG Magazine, Attn: Nicholas Fox, 2225 S. 500 E. #206, SLC, UT 84102.

LOOK FOR THE DOWNERS CD REVIEWED BY KEVLAR7 ON PAGE 42



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The Downers Invading Your Space Alpha Male Records

Chalk this band up as another local band that succeeds in taking different styles of bands and mixing them together for maximum effect on their stunning debut album. The Downers join the ranks of talented local bands that should go places if record label execs would open their ears and visit our city. Taking styles of simple 70s style rock n' roll, say The Stooges and possibly Cheap Trick, 90s Rock n' soul of The (International) Noise Conspiracy, and mixing the quirkiness of 80s new wave like Devo, and that would pretty much give an idea to this bands innovative sound.

-Kevlar7

Joe Davis Hope Chest In Music We Trust

This solo album by the frontman of Portland's Pinehurst Kids, is the acoustic side of his punk persona. Impressionistic ballads include an acoustic version of the Pinehurst Kids' song "Luigi Bosco," about the noted Italian politician, which also shows that a song with a punk personality can have another side. Overall, this is a diverse and affecting release from a talented songwriter.

-Stakerized!

Damaged Do Not Spit/Passive Back Seat Demon Engines Rotten Records

Straight out of the bush from down under, Crocodile Dundee's favorite hate-core band is back with a dual EP. You gotta love a band that revolves each and every song around the premise of hate. I can understand why, seeing that Australians are descendants from criminals and other undesirables, it could lead one to believe that Australia is more than sunshine, sandy beaches and crappy Fosters beer. Boasting to be Australia's most successful "extreme" metal band ever, Damaged promises to make everything as fucking brutal as possible. If this is your cup of tea, be careful you might burn your mouth.

-Ricky Stink

Various Artists Dean Quixote Soundtrack spinART Records

When music lovers make films, the soundtracks tend to be like mix tapes, collections of favorite tunes meant to pass on to friends to clue them in on what's hip. Directior Orion Walker is a big fan of indie pop, and includes tracks from faves like Olivia Tremor Control, the Minders, Guided By Voices (who also appear in the film), Apples in Stereo, Beachwood Sparks, Bettie Serveert and more. All the tracks are previously released except for an original cut by Orchestre Fantastique, Robert Schneider's (Apples in Stereo) solo project, "Stars in the Sea," a lounge jazz instrumental as cool and breezy in demeanor as anything else on the disc. The film? Another comedy about the trials of college life, although judging by the choice of background music, more intelligent than most.

-Stakerized!

Quoit Properties Ouartermass

Ouoit is the thud and rumble breakbeat version of Mick Harris. He is also behind the dark ambient Lull and dark hop Scorn. Properties sounds like Scorn with more beats. The beats lead you through dark passages, mechanical landscapes, I'm trapped inside a video game and the machines are starting to sound squishy. It's perhaps the most straight up d-n-b thing I've heard from the former Godflesh drummer. Many people making d-n-b records often try to prove what else they're capable of and end up making crap. Harris just lets 'em roll, unleashing pulses, weaving space, crunching, crackling, chewing away at your eardrums.

-Davey Parish

Nobodys Less Hits, More Tits Hopeless Records

This band is drunken mayhem and maximum rock n' roll. Not quite as good as their previous releases, the Nobodys crank out twenty kick ass songs of drinking, fucking, lying-ass women, porn, and racing down the highway at maximum speeds. These guys hail from Denver, Colorado, but they have the New York Motorpunk sound down solid, but they throw in elements of left coast punk to keep things interesting. First rate disc for those who like to party hard and rock even harder.

-Kevlar7

Sex Pistols There Is No Future Trojan Records

Oh my GOD! YOU CAN HEAR THE BASS GUITAR!!! That is because this is a collection of rare

demos recorded during the PRE-Sid Vicious days.

This has basically the same songs that are on Never Mind The Bullocks ... just with other versions of the songs and what not. This is pretty much just another way for the Sex Pistols to make more money without really doing a goddamn thing.

-Matt Bruce

Rube Waddell Hobo Train" & "Bound For The Gates Of Hell

Vaccination Records

Rube Waddell tastes like dumpster dived cornbread washed down with Thunderbird. The trio first hatched their Nor Cal blooze caterwauls with the campfire sing-a-long "Hobo Train" on log crackling vinyl. The derelict hoedown has been lovingly rendered onto the upscale digital medium replete with live and bonus cuts. It's a mind numbing glimpse of what might be akin to The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers imagining themselves as Blind Lemon Jefferson yet on "Metal Circus" they sound like Caroliner jamming with Ravi Shankar, "Go to Satan" like Giant Ant Farm meeting with Lubricated Goat. The polarity of elements is squeezed out of a doughnut pastry bag for completely new fritters sprinkled with mariachi horn, fife and drum beats, mandolin and old-world irony. On "Bound for the Gates of Hell" the Rubes survive the foray into the freight train domain of the Jack Black's of the world. They depart the delta and journey into the dustbowl of the new depression injecting some o' the potato loving Irish into Appalachian apparatus to make some new kinda glue-grass. Recommended to anyone interested in Glue-grass, especially the Deseret alphabet loving fans of Bob Moss (local glue-grass legend).

-Davey Parish

Beachwood Sparks Once We Were Trees Sub Pop

The second Sub Pop release by the heavily Buffalo Springfield-influenced band finds them in a pastoral concept album with lush artwork, lyrics and arrangements, pushing the boundaries of their musical vocabulary. Banjo, steel guitar, organ and vocal harmonies are straight from Big Pink. the sixties-ish twang is augmented by some J. Mascis fuzz. Songs like "Banjo Press Conference" evoke a bygone time. Are they the long lost sons of the Byrds?

-Stakerized!

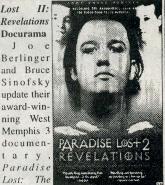
Punch drunk III Various Artists TKO Records

This is a great CD to give you a taste of some of the better skinhead, oi!, MANN NA NATEMATEMAS

by Randy Harwood

Paradise Lost II: Revelations

Docurama J o e Berlinger and Bruce Sinofsky update their award-winning West Memphis 3 Paradise Lost: The



Murders At Robin Hood Hills. Where the original provoked outrage at the astounding incompetence and stupidity of the West Memphis, Arkansas police department and District Attorney's office (for convicting three teenagers for the murder of three 8-year-old boys on the basis of their wardrobes and CD collections), Revelations riles cranks it up a notch. Expect an edge-of-your-seat, curse-atthe-screen, ride culminating in a seemingly impossibleæand entirely frustratingæconclusion.

Special features are the ubiquitous interactive menu (WOW), scene selection (GASP), and Docurama previews (Oh, RAPTURE!). www.docurama.com; www.wm3.org

Society of Genitorture G-Spot

Films/Music Video Distributors

This performance, from the 1997 Fetishist Ball (or something to that effect), is an intense, if artsy-farsty, three-act porn play with no discernible plot. Not that Genitorturers fans will care, as Mistress Gen does, indeed, deliver a black-belt caliber performance replete with nipple clips, strapons, candle wax, whips, sutures (why, oh, why would someone want to sewup their goods?), leather and slaves. Non-fetishists will find it either disgusting (the conservative, ultra-inhibited contingent) or fascinating (those whose porn-viewing is limited to the XXX lipstick lesbos-and-popshots variety).

Naturally, the Genitorturers (featuring one-time Morbid Angel member Evil D on bass) provide the soundtrack, although they don't appear on

Special features include an extensive stills gallery, interview footage, an inexplicable sing-a-long feature, and behind-the-scenes video.

www.genitorturers.com; www.musicvideodistributors.com



and street punk out there. This is the 3rd one in this series and I haven't been let down yet. Great bands like U.S. Bombs, Angelic Upstarts, Niblick Henbane, Workin' Stiffs, and Antiseen are on this comp and tons of others as well that aren't even as well known as these guys. If you are curious about REAL punk than this is a great compilation that gives those wannabe punks those two fingers that Sid Vicious so eloquently used.

—Matt Bruce

VariousArtists Japanese Independent Music Sonore (France)

This new English language version of Japanese Independent Music is completely revised and expanded, twice the size of the original French edition. The book serves as an overview of the rapidly producing, cell shifting universe of Japanese independents. Improvisation, avant-pop, extreme psychedelic, laptop minimalists, sound designers, and noise are among the forms this multi-headed hydra takes. Sonore assembled an impressive cast of writers, musicians and translators to make this book a mountain of information on a wide variety of compelling artists. Collected essays examine the origins and development of this music from breaking tradition, occidental influence, early pioneers, physical and emotional relationships to the improvisational impetus, etc. The bulk of the 360 pages are dedicated to brief histories and complete discographies of hundreds of artists. The CD includes 18 rare and exclusive tracks, my favorite are the chant of darkness of Haino Keiji, and the Stravinsky influenced Hoppy Kamiyama.

-Davey Parish

Various Artists
This is Next Year
Arena Rock

The title is taken from the Brooklyn Dodgers' old rallying cry when they finally managed, after years of saying 'wait till next year,' to defeat the Yankees. This double disc set compiles music from groups residing in the NY borough to benefit the Brooklyn Animal Resource Coalition, an animal shelter. As far as the music, the biggest name is They Might Be Giants, but there's also indie country

with Clem Snide; post-math-rock Rainer Maria, proto punk from Ex-Models; Euro trash French Kicks; ballad-y Ida; electro-Emo with Enon; alt-country diva Laura Cantrell; and Cub Country with transplanted Salt Laker "Utah Slim" Cache Tolman no less. And that's just a few selections from this multi-faceted look at the sound of one of the most fascinating neighborhoods in the nation. A great comp for another worthy cause helping out the Big Apple.

-Stakerized!

Muslimgauze Eye For An Eye LP Staalplaat

Recorded as a follow up to Betrayal in 1993, yet it remained shelved until now Betrayal and Veiled Sisters were very similar albums that year and to a lesser extent some of the other releases around that year, drawing a fair share of critics. While this release does share some structural similarities of the era, this release in particular stands alone against the others with its many layers of echoing loops. These analog splice and dices are saturated in reverb, splashing against the throbbing desert rhythms. Recorded after the ineffective peace treaty between he P.L.O. and Israel, I prefer it to its companion pieces. It's nice to have it on vinyl too, only 300 available out of a 500 print. I just hope the next one is on thicker vinyl. Just in time for winter, we get footprints in blood soaked snow on the cover

-Davey Parish Sean Croghan

From Burnt Orange to In Music We Trust

With Larry Crane, who also plays bass on Joe Davis' solo album; Joanna Bolme, visiting from Stephen Malkmus' band the Jicks and formerly the Minders; as well as Minders' lead singer/guitarist Martyn Leaper, this, like Davis' release, is another showcase for Portland talent. This is a set of languid tunes in the indie mold. In "Guinevuire," Croghan sings "Morrissey's taunting me," and how much of his tongue in cheek is up for grabs.

-Stakerized!

Fugazi
The Argument
Dischord Records

If ever there was an award for a band that actually gets better and better with each release, then Fugazi definitely takes the prize. The Argument follows in the musical styles and compositions as Fugazi's last two disc, End Hits and Red Medicine. They develop the artistic

and engaging fulfillment of building melodies and complex arrangements that build to loud crescendos of noise and fury. This disc, as well as their last two, are fine examples of an independent band that has been around for a long time; and through those years have become committed in creating musical masterpieces.

-Kevlar7

Hellspawn Lords of Eternity Rotten Records

Hate-core? Grind-core? Black Metal? Who the fuck knows? Who the fuck cares? If you are a fan of Deicide, Cradle of Filth or Morbid Angel then Hellspawn should be right up your alley. Hellspawn is the brainchild of fellow label mates: Damaged's drummer Matt Sanders aka "Nekroslayer" who swapped his drum kit for a microphone to form this side project. Spooky intros followed up by vocals you can't understand should make this Australian outfit satisfy even the most critical of grindcore enthusiasts.

-Ricky Stink

No Use For A Name Live In A Dive Fat Wreck Chords

This is a GREAT live CD! The sound comes across great and they play songs that span their whole career. Their version of Bob Marley's "Redemption Song" is also included. The liner notes include a comic where everyone dies. With all the crowd interaction, drunken antics, and fuck-ups. it makes you CRAVE to see them. If you haven't checked them out...DO! It is money well spent.

-Matt Bruce

The Starting Line
With Hopes Of Starting Over...EP
Drive-Thru Records

Of course it would be inevitable that the genre of kiddie-punk would be milked for all it's worth. Especially coming from the label that handed over New Found Glory to bigger commercial success. This band is basically an identical clone of that band and MxPx. Annoying nasally voice, singing about high school boy crushes, with poppy-punk guitars that have the same progressions and signatures regurgitated for the musical dopes of the underground and commercial worlds. Nothing new or interesting in these five songs, just the same horse being flogged. If this is the best that the next generation of musicians has to offer, then shoot me now.

-Kevlar7

he Medea Connection
The Bell Ringer
Curve Of The Earth Records

Oh my god!! I think I'm in love!! This band fucking rocks like a real metal band should. The best way to this...hm...indie-artmetal. Kind of like Melvins, Enemymine, and epic atmospheric rock, like Shiner, Cave In, and Hum, thrown all together for maximum musical enjoyment. Plus the drummer is a girl, and she pounds the hell out of her drum kit with totally disjointed time signatures and introverted rhythms that will just blow the senses of the average listener. Think what it could do to all the retards that have been weaned on Staind, Limp-Roach-Ant Farm bullshit. This disc could easily find its way on my best of all time!! Go to www.medeaconnection.com and order up a platter that would make King Buzzo, (Melvins), nod his head with praise. -Kevlar7

Chris McFarland

As If to Lay to Rest
In Music We Trust

In a "music town," Portland's In Music We Trust is becoming known for releasing many of the city's rising stars. In a bit of a departure, this is the sophomore release by an Austin, Texas singer/songwriter. McFarland's extraordinarily emotive vocal range shines on numbers like "Alarm," and "Twang" lays bare his country roots. But this material is varied enough to please fans of music from folk to emo. The album lays to rest any notions of Austin's musical city limits stopping with purely southwestern sounds.

-Stakerized!

The Movie Life
Has A Gambling Problem EP
Drive-Thru Records

With the sudden explosion of kidddie-punk bands these days, (MxPx, Sum 41, New Found Glory), The Movie Life kinda stands apart from the rest of the stupid bullshit. On their previous disc, Same Time, Next Year, were able to add some actual musical talent in their compositions by using killer time changes and signatures, while the lead singer had an off kilter voice that made the disc remind me of Four era Seaweed. With this new EP, the band is trying to dabble in the kiddie-punk realm, while still retaining their signature sound. It sorta works. If I was grading this disc from a one-to-ten, I'd give it a six. Find out for yourself



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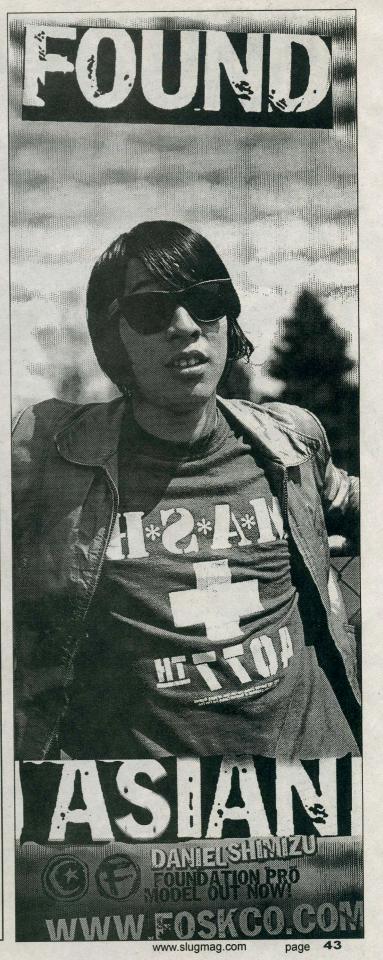
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DAILY CALENDAR

Submissions for the SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the month. Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com

Wednesday, December 5 Vessel, Rubes- Burt's Terrance Hansen- Dead Goat Toys for Tots Benefit- Hog Wallow Rilo Kiley, Elsewhere, Tolchock Trio-Kilby Court JW Blackout- Liquid Joe's Violet Run, Rock Star Bettys- Mo's Dan Bern- Zephyr Thursday, December 6 Betty Buckley- Abravanel Hall Shannon Lee- Dead Goat Dirty Birds- Hog Wallow Call and Response, the Items, Happy Campers-Kilby Court 25th Street Allstar Circus-Beatniks (Ogden) Marmalade Hill- Liquid Joe's Mnemonic Method- Mo's Derek Dyer's Benefit to Build the World's Largest Disco Ball: Erosion, Koteba- Urban Lounge Sounds End- Zephyr Friday, December 7 Rockabilly XMass: LoFi Breakdown, Unlucky Boys, Highball Train, Doublewide- Burt's The Wolfs, New Transit Direction-Beatniks (Ogden) John Davis & Little Big Band- Dead Goat DJ Humpty Vision- Harry O's 3rd Wind- Hog Wallow Rubberneck- Liquid Joc's Jesus Rides a Riksha, Dead Man's Hand- Mo's Sexy Food- Urban Lounge Saves the Day, Thursday, Hey Mercedes-X-Scape Fishbone- Zephyr Saturday, December 8 Unlucky Boys- ABG's (Provo) Erosion, the Items- Burt's Fistfull, Thunderfist- Dead Goat Midnight Lenny, Tweed- Getty's Sun House Healers- Hog Wallow Small Brown Bike, Code of Conduct, Ruffians- Kilby Court Rubberneck- Liquid Joe's This Life, Alchemy- Mo's Soul Patrol-Mulligan's (Park City) Cartoon Criminals Xmas Box House Charity-Urban Lounge Audible & Co- Beatniks (Ogden) Clumsy Lovers- Zephyr Sunday, December 9 Highball Train- Burt's Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat Jim Breuer (SNL comedian)- Kingsbury Hall Audioflo- Urban Lounge Monday, December 10 Vertical Skinny- Burt's Nick Moss & Fliptops- Dead Goat Playground Heros, Vacant-Junction@Trolley Rock*a*Teens, Big T and the Specialties, Tolchock Trio-Kilby Court Matty L- Urban Lounge

Tuesday, December 11 Wayne Hancock-Beatniks (Ogden) Poison the Well, Unearth, Sworn Enemy, Spark Lights- Connections Skate Park
Jesse Dayton- Dead Goat
Baton Curse, Sixshot- Kilby Court
Lo Fi Breakdown- O'Shuck's Stonefed - Urban Lounge Wednesday, December 12 Repeat Offender - Burt's Trouser Trout- Dead Goat Porterhouse- Liquid Joe's Porterhouse- Liquid Joc's
Lenny Dokes, Lost Token- Mo's
Biohazard, Candiria, Clutch, Kidney ThievesX-Scape
Godhead, Gravity Kills, Pigface- Zephyr
Thursday, December 13
Iodina, Form of Rocket, Gabrielle- Kilby Court
Maladjusted- Burt's
Benefit: Fistfull, Unlucky Boys, Elsewhere-Dead Goat Kettle Fish- Hog Wallow Food Benefit Punk Day: ECO, Hospital Food, Going Nowhere- Junction@Trolley

25th Street Allstar Circus- Beatmiks (Ogden)

Mnemonic Method- Mo's

Koteba- Urban Lounge

Friday, December 14

Ineffect, New Transit Direction, Alchemy-Burt's General Rude- Dead Goat The Given- Hog Wallow Tanglewood- Beatniks (Ogden) Caroline's Spine- Liquid Joc's Pelt, Cryptobiotic- Mo's Last Night's Fun- Mulligan's (Park City) SLUG Localized: Lojiking, the Stove, the Numbs- Urban Lounge Saturday, December 15 Nurse Sherri CD Release- Burt's Soulstice- Club Creation (Park City) Stacey Board- Dead Goat Caroline Herring- Dragonfly Café' Tanglewood- Beatniks (Ogden) John Davis Band- Hog Wallow Caroline's Spine- Liquid Joc's Days of Less- Mo's Soulstice- Mulligan's (Park City) Utah Phillips, Rosalie Sorrels-Pecry's Egyptian (Ogden) Cunlucky Boys- Todd's
Rat Fink Reunion - Wendover Raceway
Sunday, December 16
Highball Train- Burt's Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat Sum 41, Unwritten Law, Gob-State Fairpark Audioflo-Urban Lounge Monday, December 17 ICBMs- Burt's Baby Jason & Spankers- Dead Goat Man or Astroman, Pattern-Liquid Joc's Kottonmouth Kings, Primer 55-UofU Ballroom Matty L- Urban Lounge American Steel, Hot Water Music- X-Scape Tuesday, December 18 Baby Jason, the Spankers-Beatniks (Ogden)
Tanglewood- Liquid Joe's
The Stove- Urban Lounge

Wednesday, December 19 Die Monster Die- Burt's Elsewhere- Dead Goat No Release- Liquid Joe's Opal Hill Drive, Fear of Rejection- *Mo's* Jimmy Eat World, Last Winter, Munkiboo-X-Scape Thursday, December 20 SLUG Princess Netty's Birthday! - Burt's Vibration Press- Dead Goat Mentors- Hog Wallow 25th Street Allstar Circus- Beatniks (Ogden) Gerald Music CD Release- Liquid Joc's Mnemonic Method- Mo's Jaguares - State Fairpark Ryan Shupe, Kirkmont, David Tolk, Nancy Hansen- Thanksgiving Point Pure Grain- Urban Lounge Friday, December 21 High Ball Train- ABG's (Provo) Endless Struggle-Burt's Insatiable- Club Creation (Park City) Coupler, Mokey Wrench, Peanut Butter Allstars - Beatniks (Ogden) Laughing Man- Dead Goat DJ A-Trak- Harry O's Tanglewood- Hog Wallow Royal Bliss- Liquid Joe's Cryptobiotic, Liquid Friction- Mo's Insatiable - Mulligan's (Park City) The Given- Urban Lounge Saturday, December 22 Georgia Barretto CD Release- Dead Goat Coupler, Monkey Wrench, Peanut Butter Allstars-Beatniks (Ogden) Triggerlocks- Hog Wallow The Given- Liquid Joe's Crionic- Mo's Kristagong & Others- Urban Lounge Sunday, December 23 Highball Train- Burt's Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat Audioflo- Urban Lounge My Friend Moses- YaBut's Monday, December 24 Alchemy- Zephyr Matty L- Urban Lounge World Subject Rights Day: Take Pictures of Those Cameras Surveilling You, Send to wearcam.org/wsd.html
Tuesday, December 25
Yule Find Something To Do Wednesday, December 26 Good Gravy - Dead Goat Liquid Friction- Liquid Joe's Thursday, December 27 Guttermouth - Brick's Rubes- Dead Goat 25th Street Allstar Circus- Beatniks (Ogden) Highwater Pants- Liquid Joe's Mnemonic Method- Mo's Corleones, Repeat Offender, Endless Struggle-Urban Lounge Young Dubliners - Zephyr Friday, December 28 Strung Out, The Kill- Brick's

Wayne Hancock- Zephyr Club

Unlucky Boys -Burt's Zion Tribe- Dead Goat Royal Bliss- Hog Wallow Elsewhere- Junction @ Trolley Art Show- Kilby Court Zach Parrish Blues Band-Beatniks (Ogden) Disco Drippers- Liquid Joc's Purdy Mouth - Mo's Guttermouth- Salt Palace Sexy Food- Urban Lounge Skull Kid, Codeine 500- X-Scape Erosion, Starmy- Zephyr Saturday, December 29 Guttermouth- Brick's Alchemy, A New Land of Me-Insatiable- Dead Goat Zach Parrish- Hog Wallow Art Show- Kilby Court Jebu, Corn Shuckers-Beatniks (Ogden) Disco Drippers- Liquid Joe's Naked April- Mo's Strung Out-Saltair No Release- Urban Lounge Sunday, December 30 Highball Train- Burt's Acoustic Goat - Dead Goat

Common Ground- Mo's Art Show- Kilby Court Monday, December 31 Party like it's 1999 with Metal Meltdown! - Burt's Eric Sardinas - Dead Goat First Night: 13th Ave Band, Hudson River School, System, Ballyhoo, Erosion, Thunderfist, the Unlucky Boys- Downtown Idiocracy, Wicked Innocence-Global Funk Council- Lazy Moon Choice of Reign- Liquid Joc's Common Ground- Mo's Merle Haggard-Peery's Egyptian (Ogden) Erosion, the Wolfs, Red Bennies-Urban Lounge New Year's Eve Local Party-Urban Lounge Tuesday, January 1 Sleep off the hangover from last Wednesday, January 2 SheDaisy, Thurl Bailey- E Center Saturday, January 5 Pick up the new SLUG-Anyplace Cool!

saves the day

w/ hey mercedes, thursday

small brown

small brow bik

w/ 12 hour turn, locals TBA @ kilby court

12/12

clutch

w/ biohazard, canderia, kidney thieves

12/17

hot water music

w/ american steel, trial by fire

12/19

jimmy eat world

X96 presents, w/ openers TBA

01/04

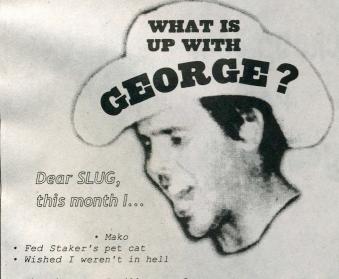
tsunami bomb

support TBA, @ kilby court

≥ SUM 41 5 unwritten law

w/ gob, @ utah state fairgrounds

all shows at x-scape (unless noted) tix available at gray whale cd, the heavy metal shop, and cd warehouse in provo more info at utahconcerts.com or 801.539.8400 x-scape is a private club for members



- Thought soon I will own a fez
 - Felt like I was in a college
 Told them it wasn't my car, call me for police
- · The jammy, threw the jammy down
- Was thankful that SLUG provides a forum for dialogue in the ongoing pizza boy/record clerk struggle
 - Hoped that these two troubled peoples
 could find a lasting peace
 Did my bit

George

alend

- ANTIFREEZE (Kung Fu Records) YESTERDAYS KIDS (Lookout Records) PS

Fastcatch Runaway

- RILO KILEY Elsewhere Tolchock Trio
- CALL AND RESPONSE the Items
 - Happy Campers
- SMALL BROWN BIKE CODE OF CONDUCT RUFFIANS
- ROCKATEENS
 - Big T and the Specialties Tolchock Trio
- BATON CURSE Sixshot
- IODINA FORM OF ROCKET Gabrielle

- ART SHOW
- ARTSHOW ART SHOW
- TSUNAMI BOMB
- THE PEPPERMINTS
- 14-THE FAIRLANES
- 15-RINGER"
- ANDI CAMP 16-
- GLORIA RECORD HER SPACE HOLIDAY Idea of Space
- MILEMARKER
 - PLANES MISTAKEN FOR STARS
- 23-THE DISAPPOINTMENTS
- PANIC IN DETROIT 24-
- 30-XIU XIU



Kilby Court is an all ages venue located at 741 s. 330 w. in SLC, Utah. call 801.320.9887 for show information No Rock Star Attitude The state of the s

岩BirdhOUSe cheap Beer

TUE All Request w/ DJ Yosh

\$1 Pabst Blue Ribbon Cans

All Week Long!

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7 days a week

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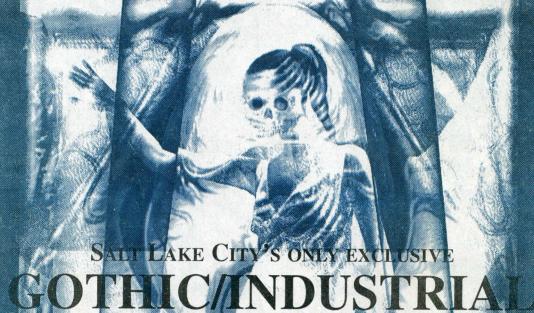
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your Beak!

www.utahprivateclubs.com/birdhouse

HE KNOW'S WHEN HE'S BEEN BAD oh is for A L NOW HE'S GETTIN' IT GOOOD! GOOD BEDDANG

SANCTUARY



CLUB

THURSDAY

Gothic Upstairs: DJ Evil K and DJ drown Industrial Downstairs: D.J Reverend 23 and DJ Plastic Exploding Wookie Experience

FRIDAY

Industrial Upstairs: DJ Reverend 23 and DJ unit:1-amy-7 Gothic Downstairs: DJ Evil K & DJ Jacob

SATURDAY

a mix between gothic & industrial on both floors with DJ Reverend 23, DJ Delilah, DJ Evil K and DJ Pele rotating between both floors

Now with full bar 740 South 300 West A private club for members